



No. 294.—Vol. XXIII.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1898.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA, ASSASSINATED AT GENEVA.

The Empress of Austria, whose assassination by Lucchesi or Lucchini, an Italian Anarchist, on Sept. 10, 1898, has dealt the further blow at the House of Hapsburg, belonged by birth to the Royal House of Bavaria. She was the sister of that Duchesse d'Alençon who was burnt to death at the great Bazaar Fire in Paris in 1897, and also of the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, who was shot in 1867. Her son, the Crown Prince of Austria, committed suicide in 1889. Her husband, the Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, survives, at the age of sixty-eight, as the one link between a mighty empire of many mixed nationalities and inevitable chaos. This is the latest authentic photograph, as, owing to her Imperial Majesty's repugnance to the camera, she has not been photographed for many years.

THE UNHAPPY HOUSE OF HAPSBURG.

THEIR LATEST MISFORTUNE IS THE ASSASSINATION OF THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA BY AN ITALIAN ANARCHIST AT GENEVA, SATURDAY, SEPT. 10, 1898.

Misfortune dogs the steps of the unhappy Hapsburgs. Violent death seems to be the heritage of the race. In 1889 the Crown Prince died a violent death at Meyerling; only last year the Duchesse d'Alençon, sister of the Empress Elizabeth, perished in the terrible fire at a Paris Charity Bazaar; the Archduke Johann, who dropped his title and served as a common seaman, was drowned off the Brazilian coast; the

Countess Sztaray, she was attacked by an assassin, an Anarchist named Luigi Lucchesi or Lucchini, who dealt her a blow on the breast with a triangular awl. The Empress fell, but was assisted to rise, and walked on board the steamer, when her condition was seen to be serious, and she was carried ashore to the hotel. At a quarter past two, half-an-hour after the outrage, life had fled. The assassin was captured by two



FRANCIS JOSEPH, EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA AND KING OF HUNGARY. BORN AUG. 18, 1830; ASCENDED THE THRONE DEC. 2, 1843.

Archduchess Matilda was burnt to death; Prince Louis of Trani drowned himself; Archduke Ladislaus was shot in the hunting-field, and in 1867 Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, was condemned and shot at Queretaro.

To this list of misfortunes has now to be added the infamous outrage committed on Saturday last, which has cost the wife of the old Emperor Francis Joseph her life. The Empress came to Geneva on Friday. On Saturday, when she was proceeding on foot to the steamboat *Geneva*, as her Majesty crossed the Quai, attended only by her lady-in-waiting, the

cabmen. He displayed the utmost nonchalance, and gloried in his crime. The Emperor Francis Joseph heard the news from Count Paar at four o'clock. He was entirely overcome, and exclaimed, "It seems as if no sorrow in this world is to be spared me." The utmost sympathy is felt with the aged sovereign in his cruel bereavement.

The Empress was Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria, daughter of Duke Maximilian, and cousin of the Queen of Bavaria. She was married to Francis Joseph on April 24, 1854.

"THE THREE MUSKETEERS," AT THE THEATRE MÉTROPOLE.

HOW THE IMMORTAL STORY OF ATHOS, PORTHOS, ARAMIS, AND D'ARTAGNAN IS RETOLD BY HENRY HAMILTON, AND HOW HIS VERSION FOLLOWS DUMAS' ORIGINAL.

They were sad rascals, no doubt, and Dumas *père* has much to answer for in painting the devil so handsomely; but there he sins in good company with our own John Milton. And then they were *such* rascals, such good fellows, the world never saw their like before, and having got



[Photo by London Stereoscopic Company.]

RICHELIEU (MR. T. HESLEWOOD).

"If he persists, then—I shall hope for one of those events which change the destinies of nations."

them means to keep them. Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan remain for all time the *beau idéal* of swashbuckling camaraderie.

Pre-eminently they are characters of the novel; no stage representation of them will ever be quite adequate. It is much, no doubt, to see the Musketeers presented in bodily form—presented so well that you know them without introduction; but the novel is so highly wrought, so much of the charm of the great four is derived from a multitude of subsidiary touches impossible to the three hours' traffic of the stage, that a dramatised version must necessarily give but an incomplete embodiment. But when the spectator who knows his Dumas makes due allowance for this inevitable limitation, he will find Mr. Henry Hamilton's version of "The Three Musketeers," produced on Monday of this week by Mr. Lewis Waller's company at the Theatre Métropole, under the management of Mr. J. B. Mulholland, a most skilful and worthy presentation of a great theme.

After all, the play's the thing, and Mr. Hamilton has remembered the prior claims of "the story." With admirable judgment he has seized upon the main outlines of the plot, and has set forth these so boldly that one seems practically to have got the whole. There is, of course, variation of incident, and compression of time, but no blurring thereby of the main purpose. In the play the chief difference lies in the handling of D'Artagnan's love-story. Obviously, his intrigue with Madame Bonacieux is a little too far beyond Mrs. Grundy for presentation on our chaste boards. So Constance Bonacieux has been bidden disappear, and in her place is Gabrielle de Chalus, Maid-of-Honour to Anne of Austria. Her D'Artagnan loves with a pure flame, and we dare not say we like him the less for that. In Dumas, indeed, the love-interest runs the risk of being obscured by the brilliant play of plot and counterplot. So ready is this D'Artagnan in council, in fight, and in intrigue that there is enough to interest one without the love *motif*. We never care much about his attachment to Constance. Even at the last, when he loses her through Milady's treachery, we are scarcely moved, certainly not so much moved as when we find him twenty years

after with grizzled locks, and still only a Musketeer. D'Artagnan the disappointed lover is not half as pathetic a figure as D'Artagnan the disappointed man. But the playwright in his wisdom has changed all that. D'Artagnan's love-story is happy throughout, with the brief excursions into peril and despair which are necessary to every happy romance. The tragic interest is sustained by Anne, Buckingham, and Milady. Mr. Hamilton has been particularly happy in his management of this part of the story, which is told with scarcely a link missing. His departures from the original are, on the whole, justified by the excellent *coups de théâtre* which serve to effect notably his curtains to Acts I., II., and the second scene of V. The grim end to which Milady comes in the novel does not, of course, lend itself to the stage, and the Executioner of Lille has no place in the present version. But the scene at the Convent of Bethune has been ingeniously adapted, Gabrielle is saved where Constance perished, and Milady, by a fitting act of poetical justice, expiates her crimes. Only once, it seems, is the departure overstrained, where D'Artagnan "gives himself away," as it were, to the Cardinal, a thing that paragon of diplomats never did. But, then, he was only eighteen, so perhaps Mr. Hamilton's picture is, after all, the truer. Still, once having captured a paragon, it is well to keep him.

Taken all in all, the portraiture of the Musketeers is adequate, considering the stage necessities. To the spectator who is innocent of Dumas, the figures of Porthos, Aramis, and Athos will not seem to lack much, for we have the stupid, generous giant, and even get a *souçon* of his Duchesses; we have also the subtle scholar, and get a *souçon* of his theology, we have the perfect courtier, the gallant gentleman, and learn at least something of the great shadow on his life. But, with Dumas in our mind, we must miss, and even regret, the glorious impecuniosity, the plausible rascality, the shiftiness in scrapes innumerable, which make the Musketeers *the* Musketeers. Without their servants, too, Mousqueton, Grimaud, Bazin, and Planchet, their glory is diminished. Mousqueton and Planchet, it is true, we see. The former is recognisable, but of the latter there is little to suggest him



[Photo by London Stereoscopic Company.]

LOUIS XIII. (MR. GAYER MACKAY).

"But this is a victory!"

who in Dumas' later portrait lets us so deeply into "the hearts of men, and grocers." This is, of course, no fault in the dramatist. Skilful omission is of the essence of his art. We had to sacrifice much, for Dumas gave us material, not for one play, but for a cycle and a cycle of cycles. It is all the more credit to the adapter that his version is so faithful in its general effect to the original.

J. D. S.

"THE THREE MUSKETEERS," AT THE THEATRE MÉTROPOLE.

From Photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



BUCKINGHAM (MR. ALEXANDER CALVERT).

"You dare to threaten me!"



MILADY (MISS FLORENCE WEST).

"Woman remembers, and when she's a woman as I am, she repays!"



THE MUSKETEERS PLEDGE COMRADESHIP.

"Drink together, live together, die together!"

"THE THREE MUSKETEERS," AT THE THEATRE MÉTROPOLE.

From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



ATHOS (MR. BASSETT ROE), D'ARTAGNAN (MR. LEWIS WALLER), M. DE TREVILLE (MR. L'HAMILTON KNIGHT), ARAMIS (MR. G. GURNEY), AND PORTOS (MR. CHAS. GOODHART)

THE THREE MUSKETEERS AND THEIR COMRADE RECEIVE THEIR CAPTAIN'S BENEDICTION.

M. DE TREVILLE: *Bless you—bless you, my children!*

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. — Proprietor, Mr. Herbert Beerholm Tree. MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE'S SEASON. EVERY EVENING, at 8.15. Doors open 7.45. **THE TEMAGANT.** By Louis N. Parker and Murray Carson. **MATINEE TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY),** Sept. 14, at 2.15. Box Office (Mr. F. J. Turner) 10 till 10.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Sole Lessee, Mr. Frederick Harrison. Managers, Mr. Frederick Harrison and Mr. Cyril Maude. EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, **THE LITTLE MINISTER.** By J. M. Barrie. MISS WINIFRED EMERY and MR. CYRIL MAUDE. **MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT** at 2.53. Box Office (Mr. Leverton) 10 to 10.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. George Alexander.

MR. AND MRS. KENDAL'S SEASON.

NOTICE.—A few more rehearsals having been found necessary, the FIRST PERFORMANCE of **THE ELDER MISS BLOSSOM** will take place on **THURSDAY, SEPT. 22.** All Tickets booked for the 10th can be exchanged for the 22nd or money returned on application at the Box Office.
Box Office (Mr. Arnold) open daily 10 to 5.

INTERNATIONAL UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION.

EARL'S COURT, West Brompton, and West Kensington.
Director-General... IMRE KIRALFY.
Admission Daily, 1s. Open 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.
In the NEW FLORAL LOUNGE.

The CHAMOUNIX MINSTRELS and other Attractions. Free.

EMPERESS THEATRE.

Twice Daily, 3.30 and 8.30 p.m.

GRAND PATRIOTIC NAVAL SPECTACLE.

EVERY ENGLISHMAN MUST SEE IT.

THE GREAT NAVAL BATTLE.

REAL BOMBARDMENT OF FORTS.

BY MODEL MEN-OF-WAR.

SUBMARINE MINES EXPLODED.

FORTS VERSUS IRONCLADS.

PEACE BY DAY. WAR BY NIGHT.

Thousands of reserved seats, 6d., 1s., 2s., and 3s.

Middle, Marguerite's Performing Lions, Imperial Japanese Troupe, American Lilliputian Troupe, Lion Baby Incubators, Feszy's Grand Panorama, South Sea Island Joe, Jewell's Fantocini, The Electric Theatre, Moorish Camp, Orient Theatre, Hagenbeck's Zoological Kindergarten, Viograph, The Electrophone, Switchback Railway, "X" Rays, Rifle Range, Belvedere Tower.

THE GREAT WHEEL 300 FEET HIGH.

BAND of the GRENADEER GUARDS. BAND of the HON. ARTILLERY COMPANY.

The LONDON EXHIBITIONS ORCHESTRAL BAND.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY (IRELAND).

THE ROYAL MAIL ROUTE BETWEEN

ENGLAND and BELFAST and THE NORTH of IRELAND via KINGSTOWN,

And EXPRESS SERVICES via DUBLIN (NORTH WALL) and via GREENORE.

FASTEST AND MOST DIRECT SERVICE between

SCOTLAND and IRELAND, via BELFAST.

BREAKFAST AND DINING CARS BETWEEN DUBLIN AND BELFAST.

HOTELS UNDER THE COMPANY'S MANAGEMENT AT WARRENPOINT, ROSTREVOR, AND BUNDORAN.

CIRCULAR TOURS from London and Principal Towns in England, embracing all places of interest and most picturesque scenery, and finest Fishing and Golfing in Ireland, including Lough Erne, Bundoran, Lough Gill, Donegal Coast, and Highlands.

To obtain the Company's Time Tables, Illustrated Guides, and Programmes, and full information as to fares, routes, excursion arrangements, &c., apply to the Superintendent of the Line, Amlens Street Terminus, Dublin.
HENRY PLEWS, General Manager.
Dublin, 1898.

LITTLE HAMPTON, SUSSEX.

BEACH HOTEL.

FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL.

With Suites of Apartments and Separate Rooms, situated in its own grounds, overlooking the Sea.

Close to Golf Links and Tennis Grounds. River and Sea Fishing.

For Terms apply to the Manager.

LAKES AND FJORDS OF KERRY.

"The south-western part of Kerry is well known as the most beautiful portion of the British Isles."

OPENING OF NEW RAILWAYS—NEW TOURIST RESORTS—GOOD HOTELS—

MAGNIFICENT SCENERY—GOOD FISHING—COACHING TOURS.

Cheap tourist tickets issued to Lakes of Killarney, Glengarriff, Caragh Lake for Glencar, Valencia, Waterville, Parknasilla, and Kenmare.

THE GRAND ATLANTIC COAST TOUR

affords magnificent views of River, Ocean, and Mountain Scenery by Railway and Coach for

ONE HUNDRED MILES

around the South Kerry Peninsula.

Tickets are also issued to Killkee, Lahinch, Lisdoonvarna, and places on the County Clare coast.

Breakfast and Dining Cars on Express Mail Trains between Dublin and Queenstown.

For full particulars apply to Messrs. Cook and Son, Messrs. Gaze and Son, the principal stations on the L. and N.-W., Midland, or G. W. Railways, or to Great Southern and Western Railway, Dublin.

"THE SUNNYSIDE OF IRELAND."

How to see it by The Great Southern and Western Railway.

"As a Guide, far in advance of anything before known amongst us."—*Irish Times*, July 11, 1898.

On sale at Railway Bookstalls, price 1s., or post free for 1s. 4d. from R. G. Colhoun, Traffic Manager, Kingsbridge Terminus, Dublin.
London Office, 2, Charing Cross.

A COMPLETE NOVEL

"FAR ABOVE RUBIES"

By Dr. George MacDonald,

WILL APPEAR IN THE

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

OF

"THE SKETCH."

READY SEPT. 21.

THE

ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER.

LILIES.

Illustration from Photograph. Frontispiece.

AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY.

By MAJOR MARTIN HUME. With Illustrations.

THE PHARAOKS HAVE VANISHED; THE PYRAMIDS REMAIN.

By S. L. With Illustrations.

THE EARLY HOMES OF OUR PRINCESS: ROYALTY IN DENMARK.

By MARY SPENCER WARREN. With Illustrations.

A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

By A. O. BRAZIER. Illustrations by Frances Ewan.

THE ADVENTURE OF PETER THE MOUJIK.

By LUCY HARDY.

THE DARK PRINCE.

By NORA HOPPER. Illustration by Lancelot Speed.

PSYCHE. Sculptured by MULLER.

THE MODERN ICARUS: THE NEWEST OF FLYING MACHINES.

With Illustrations.

THE CENTENARIAN OF SAMOS.

By S. L. BENSUSAN. Illustrations by W. Cubitt Cooke.

HANGING ROCK, CHILLAGOE, QUEENSLAND.

ROCKS WITH FUNNY FACES.

With Illustrations from Photographs.

RIDE A COCK-HORSE TO BANBURY CROSS.

With Illustrations.

THE KINDNESS OF MRS. RUTHERFORD.

By CHARLES ANGUS.

THE PITMAN: THE ROMANCE OF HIS TOIL.

By JOHN PENDLETON. With Illustrations from Photographs.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

With Illustrations.

AT DIAMOND PRICE.

By MARGARETTA BYRDE. Illustrations by R. Lucas.

THE OTHER DAY.

By G. C. P.

HOW BRITISH SUBJECTS HAVE MADE RUSSIA.

By J. M. BULLOCK.

PHEASANT.

Illustration from Photograph.

COUNT HATZFELDT AND THE GERMAN EMBASSY.

By J. F. F. With Illustrations from Photographs.

OLD AGE PENSIONS.

By J. HOLT SCHOOLING. With Diagrams by J. Holt Schooling.

COME, SWEET LASS.

Drawn by Gilbert James.

ROSES, YELLOW AND BLUE.

By B. MILNE. Illustrations by Florence Reason.

THE EVOLUTION OF A PIANO.

With Illustrations.

READABLE FROM COVER TO COVER.

A MARVELLOUS SIXPENNYWORTH.

OFFICE OF THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 198, STRAND, W.C.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

Rich indeed in famous personages are the annals of the Netherlands, whose girl-Queen has now assumed the reins of government, and the richest by far is the great family of Nassau, from which she springs. Far different from that earlier Prince of Orange, Philibert, who shared in the Sack of Rome and fell in the Medicean War against Florentine liberty, was the establisher of the Dutch as an independent nation, William the Silent. Into a history of Flanders, published in the Spanish Netherlands, and containing a bare reference to the Taciturn, I have inserted a folio portrait of him, after a painting by a Dutch artist, Adrian Van der Werff. The thoughtful eyes and wrinkled brow attest the patriot-hero, and so does the similar portrait in a little edition of the History of the Belgic War by the Jesuit Pamianus, Strada.

In this latter work are figured all the celebrities of the giant war in tiny space that wasted the energies of Spain. Margaret of Parma, Governor of the Low Countries, and natural daughter of Charles V.; Alva, that cruel soldier who wore a venerable beard worthy almost of a bishop; Alexander Farnese, to whom England was to have fallen a spoil; Egmont, Aremborg, and the other Spanish and Netherland warriors and statesmen all find places therein. One must not forget William Louis of Nassau, nor that younger scion of the race, Maurice, who finally baffled the Spanish power. His face is contemplative, the mouth is finely set, and in the eyes is a marked look of determination. A masterful man, as history showed.

For an account of the wars from the Dutch point of view, we can turn to the pages of Hugo Grotius, who, besides being one of the greatest of jurists, was also a polemical writer, a minor poet, and a historian. Finally might be noted the rare volume styled "Belgidos, Narratio Eucharistica," and published at Harlem, which commemorates the Dutch successes of the war of 1629, with fine emblematic plates, a scroll on one of them above the equestrian presentment of its hero bearing the words "Vivat, vivat, Fredericus Henricus, Illustrissimus Princeps Auracus." And now "Vivat, Wilhelmina!"

It seems to have escaped notice how significant in the annals of Holland the month of September and the years '97 and '98 have proved. On Sept. 9, 1598, Philip II. of Spain, the oppressor of the Netherlands, died; on Sept. 20, 1697, the Peace of Ryswick was signed; and now on Sept. 6, 1898, Wilhelmina begins her reign. September, too, is the month of two great victories of Van Tromp over the Spaniards, and of the ill-fated Walcheren expedition. 1797 (but the month was October) saw the Dutch defeat at Camperdown.

This dainty little lady, Lady Clare Annesley, is the second daughter of Earl Annesley by his second marriage. She was five years old on the last day of June this year. Her sister, Lady Constance Mary, is two years younger.

I hear that the Emperor of Germany has already settled the destinies of most of his sons. The Crown Prince is to enter the infantry, and his military education is mainly directed to that end. Prince Eitel Fritz, on the other hand, is to be a cavalryman, and, if he grows up as good-looking as he is now, he will make a dashing officer. He is to join the 1st Regiment of the Hussar Guards later on. Like all German Princes of the Imperial House, he already belongs to the 1st Foot Guards. The Emperor's third son is to enter the navy.

Among the Border minstrels a place of distinction belongs by right to Henry Scott Riddell, the centenary of whose birth occurs on the 23rd. Riddell came of a shepherd race, and in early years, like many another Scottish youth up till a comparatively recent date, he herded the cows in summer, and went to school in winter. Riddell was an "earnest student" of nature and of books, and in due time, after attending Edinburgh University, where he attracted the attention of Professor Dunbar by his translation of one of

the Odes of Anacreon, and won the affectionate regard of Professor Wilson, became parish minister of Teviothead. Riddell wrote a good deal, both in verse and prose, but is best remembered by some of his songs in the Scottish dialect, notably, "The Crook and Plaid" and "Scotland Yet."



LADY CLARE ANNESLEY.

Photo by F. Kingsbury, Wandsworth Common.

Dual representation in photography, a correspondent reminds me, is not altogether a thing of to-day. Apropos of my recent photographs of two danseuses looking over a balcony at their own performance, he sends me two very clever representations of a similar kind, executed more than



THE DUPLEX TOOLE AND PAUL BEDFORD.

career rather than connive at official fraud. His superiors (some of them dupes and some of them rogues) forced him out of the Army. Since then he has laboured in the cause of justice with consummate skill and patience. How will France reward this man when she understands at last what she owes to him? He ought to be Chief of the Staff. Such an appointment would be the greatest safeguard for the honour of the Army, and the Germans would laugh no more at the organisation to which France entrusts her military security and her good name. The new Minister of War is said to have decided upon a thorough reform of the Intelligence Department, where men like Henry have spent their time in fabricating documents. When this reform is carried out, Colonel Picquart ought to be charged with a most congenial task.

I met the other day an Alsatian lady who had much to say concerning the feeling in France against the Jews. That feeling, she said,



TOM TAYLOR LECTURES TOM TAYLOR.

because he is the only man whose word can be depended on, and he is hated with a very great and bitter hatred accordingly. It does not say much for the Alsatian character, does it?

How we cling to old privileges in this country! The freemen of Colchester the other day were asserting their ancient right to hunt over the Corporation lands. Under a charter granted by Richard I. in 1189, the free burgesses of the town enjoy the privilege of hunting the polecat over lands belonging to the Corporation. There aren't any polecats there in these degenerate days, but the circumstance does not affect the validity of that charter in the least. I wonder what would happen if a specimen of that variety of the polecat commonly called a "ferret" were left out by a rabbit-shooting party on the town lands? Would the freemen insist on organising a hunt after it?

a score of years ago. One shows Paul Bedford surrounded by J. L. Toole, J. L. shaking hands with Paul on one side, while on the other he pats him on the back. In the second photograph Tom Taylor standing is lecturing Tom Taylor seated, a droll variation of the proverbial Philip in two conditions. The antiquity of the photographs is proved when I mention that Paul Bedford died in 1871, while Tom Taylor left *Punch* and us all the poorer some nine years later.

I have never had any doubt about the outcome of the Dreyfus mystery. As soon as I read the evidence of Colonel Picquart in the Zola trial, I knew there was a War Office conspiracy, and that this officer had the key to it. Colonel Picquart has proved himself a man of insight, unfaltering nerve, and absolute integrity. He sacrificed his

Alcoholists rejoice! For, behold, your deliverer cometh—nay, is at the doors. Michel Georgevitch Alaverdoff has come to this country to tell what he has done for drunkards in his native Russia, and to do the like for the inebriates here. He has discovered in Russia a secret herb which, when administered to the victim of alcohol on M. Alaverdoff's prescription, will cure him outright, although he had "drunk every day for more than fifty years from five to twenty bottles of different alcoholic drinks," as his manifesto gallantly declares. It does not do to go into figures with M. Alaverdoff, so my readers need not shock themselves by figuring out the total consumption of liquor thus implied. In figures, indeed, M. Alaverdoff is bewildering. A representative of the *Daily Chronicle* (whose only acquaintance with Russian is a moderate taste for vodka) called on him the other day at Charing Cross Hotel, and, through an interpreter, drew from him some particulars, but not many, and these mathematically involved. "The prescription," he began, "is 36 per cent. of spirits of wine and 64 per cent. of distilled water." As these numbers already made 100 per cent., the acute *Chronicle* inquired where the rest came in. Undismayed, M. Alaverdoff proposed "06 of acid of lemon and my herb." "There isn't room," said the *Chronicle*. But the discoverer only replied, "It is a secret." They then solemnly drank to each other in the medicine diluted with excellent whisky. M. Alaverdoff claims to have cured over three thousand inebriates in Russia, including some desperately drunken soldiers. He is in deadly earnest.

So they have got a new python at the "Zoo"—the biggest snake exhibited there yet, so far as eye-measurement may be trusted. The python is a reptile which has peculiar attractions for me, because it is the only snake which displays a sense of parental responsibility; other snakes leave their eggs to be hatched in decaying vegetable-matter, but this one arranges her eggs in a neat cone, develops a higher bodily temperature for the occasion, and hatches them out herself. A python in the Paris Jardin des Plantes hatched out a family in 1841, and since then—in 1881, I think—another captive succeeded in bringing off some young in a menagerie at Antwerp. The Paris python "sat," or rather, coiled, with exemplary patience for fifty-six days, never moving save to warn off zoologists who wanted to see how the eggs were getting on.



A DOCTOR FOR DRUNKARDS: MICHEL GEORGEVITCH ALAVERDOFF.

"In this week's *Sketch*," writes Mr. Edward J. Thomson, of Catrine House, Mauchline, Ayrshire, "you refer to Tomintoul as being the highest village in Scotland. This is not the case. The village of Wanlockhead, in Dumfriesshire, is the highest. The village of Leadhills, two miles from Wanlockhead, is the second highest. The heights above sea-level are: Wanlockhead, 1450 feet; Leadhills, 1250 feet. Tomintoul is not quite as high as Leadhills. Wanlockhead is not only the highest village in Scotland, but it is the highest in Great Britain."

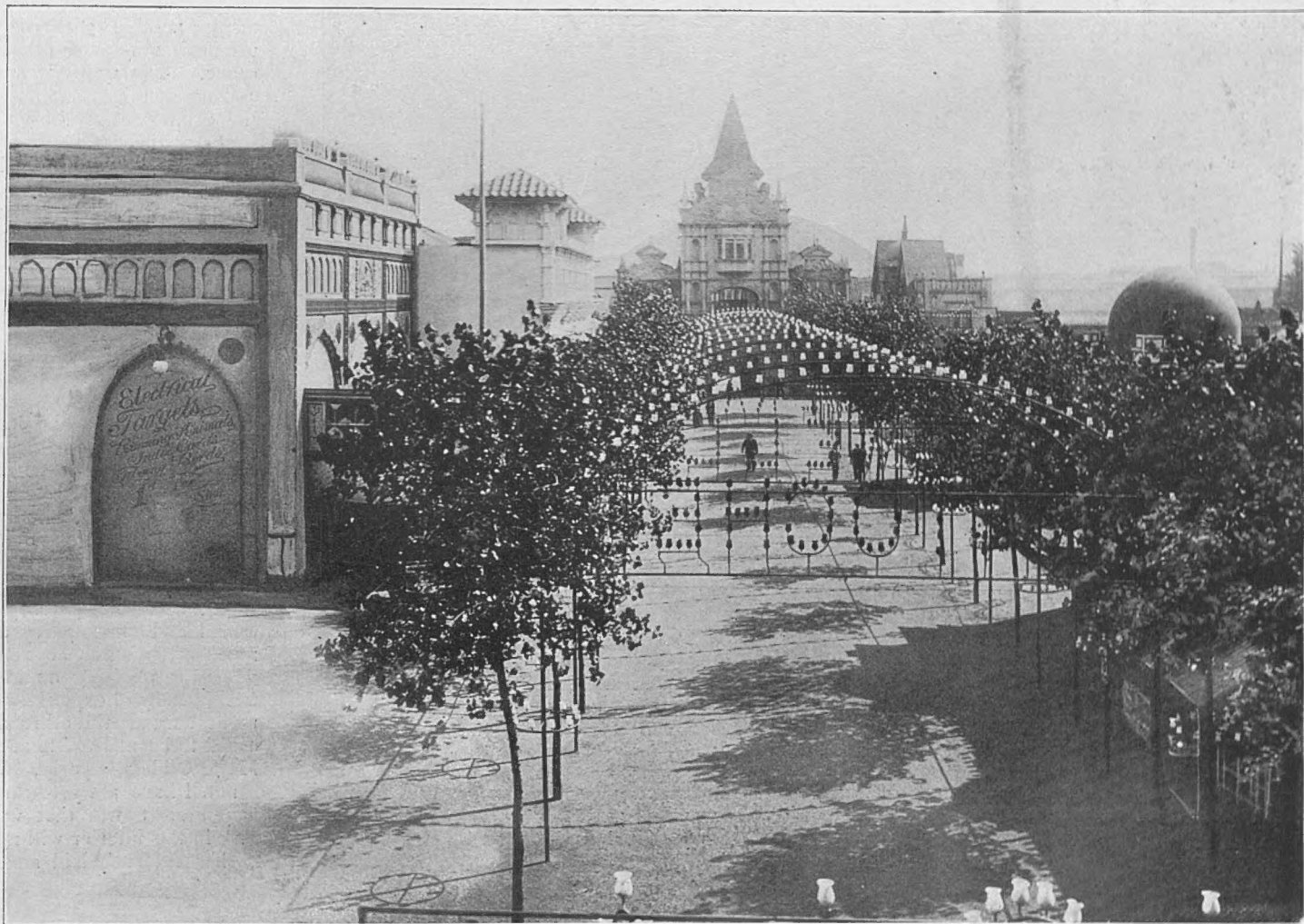
Mr. W. Patrick, of 8, Etty Grove, Gordon Street, Hull, sends me a photograph of the "Jew's House" at Lincoln, which he thinks, judging from its Norman windows, to be undoubtedly the oldest inhabited house in the country, and which he desires to put in competition with the inn a photograph of which I published in a recent issue.



THE "JEW'S HOUSE" AT LINCOLN.

HOW LONDON LOOKS FROM THE GREAT WHEEL.

From Photographs by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.



THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS FROM THE GREAT WHEEL.



LONDON FROM THE GREAT WHEEL AT EARL'S COURT.



THIS IS COLSTON HALL, BRISTOL, BURNT SEPTEMBER 2.

Photo by James Biggs, Bristol.

Colston Hall, Bristol, was destroyed totally by fire on Sept. 2, the conflagration being the largest that has occurred in the city since the memorable riots. The hall, which stood in the very heart of Bristol, was the largest of the block of three halls which made up the institution known as the Colston Hall. It was seated for three thousand people, but twice that number could find standing-room. The fire broke out about a quarter past two in the morning, in some business premises adjoining the hall, to which it soon spread, in spite of the firemen's determined efforts. The roof of the hall first caught fire in the vicinity of the great organ. A gallant fireman attacked the incipient blaze, and fought it stoutly, but had to retire vanquished. Thereupon the flame took a firm hold of the roof, and, sweeping over everything, began to lick up the walls and roofs, which had, in the heat of the blazing



A SNAPSHOT AT THE DEAD AT CROSS'S EMPORIUM, LIVERPOOL.

buildings adjoining, become like tinder. The great rallying point of Western Liberalism and Radicalism—for such Colston Hall had the best reason to be designated—was now a ready prey to the flames. The roof crashed in, flames were seen spouting from the galleries, and then the organ was consumed. By nine o'clock the fire had been got under, but the ruins smouldered for hours. The delegates of the Trades Union Congress, which was holding its meetings in the hall, sustained considerable loss. Many bags and portmanteaux were destroyed; also papers, private and official. The minute-book was burned, but luckily the account-books escaped. The Congress found accommodation close at hand, and at once proceeded to business, the President grimly remarking that the minutes must be taken as read.

Colston Hall was named after Edward Colston, the famous benefactor of Bristol, who is celebrated in three annual banquets. It was one of the finest halls of its kind out of London, and has sheltered many notable gatherings—some political, others of other significance. The walls, now cracked and scarred by fire, have rung to the eloquence of Burke. There, in recent times, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer has also spoken. It was the place where Bristol welcomed its most distinguished guests. This week the banquet to Lord Dufferin was to have taken place there, likewise the great functions of the British Association.

Mr. William Cross junior, of the famous animal emporium at Liverpool, sends me the accompanying photographs showing some effects of the great fire which took place on his premises a few days ago. The somewhat gruesome picture of the dead animals requires no comment.

I hear that Mr. Cavendish, whose successful journey far into Somaliland last year attracted much attention on his return, and who was planning a more important journey of exploration, turned up at Durban the other day, and asked to be allowed to accompany Major Gibbons's party. Whether it has been arranged that he shall go or not, I have not yet heard. The chief difficulty lay in the matter of supplies. Stores that will carry seven men through eighteen months' work in the interior will not suffice for eight. The fever of African travel has evidently laid strong hold on Mr. Cavendish.

Apropos of the Czar's proposal, here are the statistics of a few armies that will not much affect the peace of Europe. The Grand Duchy of



SOME RUINED CAGES.

Luxemburg possesses a body of volunteers consisting of 140 to 170 men, including musicians, commanded by six officers. It also possesses a gendarmerie of 135 men, commanded by two officers. The Republic of San Marino actually owns, on a war-footing, a militia of 950 men and 38 officers. The Principality of Monaco has a bodyguard and 44 gendarmes. As for Andorra, there is no official record of the army.

Germany (writes a correspondent) is having a spell of magnificent weather for those fêtes in honour of the war in 1870 which have now become so universal and customary. It is said that nothing could be in worse taste than these continuous yearly celebrations, which keep the wound perpetually open between France and Germany. It is needless to add that this is said by Frenchmen for Frenchmen. For, so long as the nations are agreed to live by separation and competition, so long it is well surely that competition should be encouraged by glorious memories and by personal triumphs. Now, just (to quote George Eliot) as you cannot shift a burthen from your own shoulders without placing it upon somebody else's, so you cannot have a glorious memory or a personal triumph without somebody else having to undergo humiliation. That we in England think far too little of such memories was pointed out in *The Sketch* in connection with the wearing of the rose on St. George's Day.

Anyway, here is Germany all alive with pride and anniversary self-indulgence. In Munich, as the capital of Bavaria, a peculiarly national and important turn is given to the celebrations by the somewhat stern and grim decorations which hang over the tablets recording the deaths of men and officers at this or that battle, and by that massive torchlight procession which trudges without loud enthusiasm but with just such set purpose as (one supposes) filled the German soldiers as they slowly ploughed their way to Versailles. In Karlsruhe a more urban festival is also at hand in honour of the Grand Duke of Baden. It will be over by the time these words are in print; but at the present moment fireworks are preparing, the Ducal Gardens are undergoing a thorough trimming, and the café-keepers are looking for a little business—for, indeed, things seem slow with the cafés in Karlsruhe after a Munich experience. Above all, the opera season is announced to celebrate its opening night with the beginning of the fête.

Thereby—by that opening of the opera season—hangs a tale. Some little splash had been made early in the London Opera Season by announcements of a Karlsruhe Berlioz Cylus, to attend which a good many critics in London conversationally pledged themselves. Mr. Schulz-Curtius, whose name seems to run naturally with that of Felix Mottl, the "General-music-director" of the Karlsruhe opera, scattered little leaflets about announcing the beginning of that season for Sept. 6, and wildly enough many of us supposed that the Berlioz Cylus would naturally drop into the first fortnight of the opera—the whole season lasts barely five weeks. Mr. Schulz-Curtius explained that he knew nothing about specialised dates; you could find that out, apparently, after you reached Germany. One musical critic who writes these lines, luckily wise enough to mount his bow with two strings, however, after a spell of the Munich opera season repaired to Karlsruhe. He wrote in vain for previous information, and found on his arrival that, first, the opera season began on the 9th and not on the 6th, and, second, that the Berlioz performances were actually set down during the last two weeks of the season—during the time, that is, when every self-respecting English critic will be turning in twice a day to the Leeds Town Hall for due and faithful criticism of the Leeds Festival.

Disappointing, however, from this somewhat individualised point of view, as the Karlsruhe season proves, the Munich season will remain for one thing an ineffaceable memory—that is, for the charming Mozart Cylus then given and consisting of the five operas, "Seraglio," "Figaro's Hochzeit," "Don Giovanni," "Cosi fan tutte," and "Zauberflöte." It is impossible to calculate the good that such a policy will work in the realm of music.

Just now, when the trumpet of Wagner blows loud over the whole world, it is something that we should be reminded of another great music-dramatist who climbed as high a hill as Wagner and touched an artistic fruition as rich as his. But that is to get to solemn things; it suffices that to eye and ear the provision made by Munich in Mozart's work was a joy and a marvel too little known to the world at large.

Sarah Bernhardt in her summer retreat at Belle-Isle tunes her life to simple nature, as in winter she tunes it to great art. There where Fouquet intrigued and d'Artagnan won romantic spurs, she rides the bicycle and feeds the hens. She dares the tide till it cuts her off from shore, and when a rescuer came the other day the envious waters gave him such a beating as sent him into hospital. They say she implored the coast fishermen to let her down a sheer precipice over an abyss of waters, that she might know what it is to be alone with primeval chaos. She knows no fear. She is of those that, when the hour rings, go gladly out of time because only eternity is of size for them.

She was asked a day or two ago by the *Figaro* to say what her ideal was, at twenty, and whether it had been realised. It is the sort of question to put to successful mediocrity, and the *Figaro* has asked it in turn of all the important personages in France. To the second clause they have all said either "Yes" or "No," and it is clear that what they call their ideal is no more than that enthusiasm of youth that results from inexperience. Not so Sarah. Here is what she replied, this woman with a half-century behind her: "My ideal! I pursue it

forever and through everything. I shall pursue it until my last hour, and I feel that at the supreme moment I shall have the persuasion that it is to be attained over yonder."

This of Sarah's is a veritable ideal—an altar-flame that always burns. It is the still unattained, and therefore the forever attainable, and it explains why there are never any obstacles in her path, and why her name has been printed so often that all the times extended would belt the earth twice round. She says that people that wail over lost ideals have never had any.

Tom Whitmore, the huntsman of the Oakley Hounds, whose portrait was given in *The Sketch* of May 26 last year, has created a precedent in retiring from the post he has filled for thirty years. Instead of receiving a purse, he has presented one, having handed twenty guineas to the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Fund in recognition of the kindly feeling which has always been shown towards him by the farmers of Bedfordshire.



STRAND: AN AFTERNOON CHAT.



QUEEN VICTORIA STREET: 9.40 A.M.



DISCUSSING THE EASTERN QUESTION (WATER-FAMINE).



WANTED! SHORTER HOURS AND MORE RESTS.

ROAD-MENDERS AS SEEN BY A CAMERA.

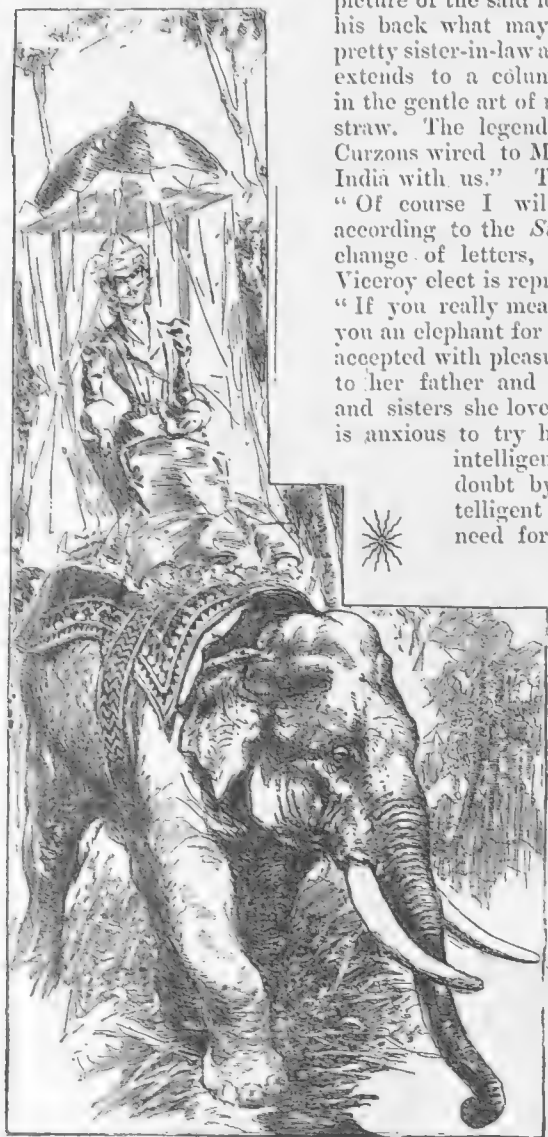
From Photographs by Edward Mortimer, Notting Hill, W.

"Daisy Leiter's Indian Elephant" is the extraordinary "scare-head" in a recent issue of the New York *Sunday World*. You read on and learn that "Viceroy Curzon promises his pretty sister-in-law a lordly beast to ride."

There is a wonderful picture of the said lordly beast bearing on his back what may or may not be the pretty sister-in-law aforesaid. The "story" extends to a column, and is a triumph in the gentle art of making bricks without straw. The legend, in brief, is that the Curzons wired to Miss Leiter—"Come to India with us." To which she replied, "Of course I will." Then followed, according to the *Sunday World*, an exchange of letters, in one of which the Viceroy elect is represented to have said, "If you really mean to come, I will give you an elephant for a saddle-horse." She accepted with pleasure, for, although next to her father and mother and brothers and sisters she loves her horses best, she is anxious to try her new mount. The

intelligent reporter, inspired no doubt by his subject, the intelligent elephant (or by the need for padding), takes the

opportunity to deliver a useful homily upon the "lordly beast," his ways, and treatment in India. It sounds familiar, almost like a school reader, but no matter. There is also an excursus upon the retinue and state of Viceroyalty, and a choice allusion to Simla as a "great summer resort made famous by Rudyard Kipling." Truly our most vivid romancer has much to answer for.



MISS DAISY LEITER IN INDIA.
According to the New York "Sunday World."

As I am a regular reader of the *Chicago Tribune*, and have been so for many years, I wrote to the Editor-in-Chief of that journal at the time that all the world was talking about the American alliance as to his opinion of the feasibility of the thing. He sends me the following letter, which, I think, will interest my readers—

Editor of *The Sketch*, London.

Chicago, United States. Aug. 25, 1898.

DEAR SIR,—In a recent (delayed) letter you ask my "opinion as to the possibility of an Anglo-American alliance—based upon sympathy at least, if not anything more practical—finding favour with the American people."

It is a hard question to answer for lack of data at present. There is a more friendly feeling existing towards England at present than has existed since the War of Independence more than a century ago. But it is doubtful if it is strong enough to assist England in any war in which she might be engaged with other Powers. A benevolent neutrality is the most that it would be safe to promise. If the interests of the two nations happened to be identical, the United States might co-operate with Great Britain in defensive warfare against a coalition of other Powers. A majority of American people desire and appreciate English national friendship, but they are averse to establishing a martial alliance, offensive and defensive, with any nation.

There are several large elements of our population who would look with disfavour on a military alliance with Great Britain. They include the "Home Rule Irish," the Germans, the Slavs, and the French fractions of our inhabitants, and they wield considerable political influence in this country.

How far time may improve the existing friendship for England cannot be foreseen; but, from present appearances, this country desires perpetual peace and amity with the British Empire.—Very respectfully yours,

JOSEPH MEDILL.

Editor and Publisher of the *Chicago Tribune*.

Apropos the allusions in a morning paper the other day to Dr. Robert Anderson, chief of the Criminal Investigation Department at Scotland Yard, and his exegesis on the Book of Daniel, it is not very widely known that the study of Scriptural prophecy has for many years been Dr. Anderson's hobby. His "Coming Prince: The last Great Monarch of Christendom," based on an interpretation of Daniel, was published ten years ago. As befits his vocation, the First Commissioner keeps himself *au fait* with current events, and maintains that, in order to understand the prophecies of Daniel aright, it is essential that the leading events of the political history of the times should be kept in view. The return of the Jews to Palestine and the tenfold partition of the Roman Empire he regards as the most prominent political events of the future.

No individual is "named" by Dr. Anderson as the "coming Prince," and there is an absence from all his books—his latest is a reply to Dean Farrar's exposition of the Book of Daniel—of any Baxterian extravagances. Previous to his advent at Scotland Yard, Dr. Anderson was the confidant of the Government authorities at the Home Office, between whom and the late Major Le Caron he was the intermediary.

Every visitor to Cornwall is familiar with the gaunt chimneys of deserted mines that are the only blots on many beautiful landscapes—telling their tale of the partial ruin of the tin and copper industry. After years of depression, it looks as though matters were going to improve. Already tin, which a year ago could be bought at £50 or even £40 a ton, has risen to £74, and Cornishmen, who are born speculators, are beginning to feel something of the excitement of the old days of prosperity. More fortunes have been made and lost by Cornish mining than in any other industry in England, and "Cousin Jack," as every native of the county is called, is hoping that the old times are coming back now that the output of tin from the Straits Settlements has fallen off. The romance of Cornish mining has yet to be written; it will form good reading.

One mine alone, the Dolcoath Mine, near Camborne, which the Princess of Wales visited some years ago, has yielded tin and copper during the past ninety-eight years that has sold for £6,118,366, and is still returning 75,000 tons of tin-ore every year. The history of this mine has been a story of inflation and depression; its shares, which could be bought in 1846 for £4000, had risen in 1868 to £90,000, while in those twenty-two years no less than £147,854 was paid to the shareholders in dividends. Since this last date, 1868, dividends amounting to £644,000 have been earned and pocketed by grateful shareholders. In a few months' time, with the increase in the price of tin, it is hoped that this old mine will again be rejoicing the hearts of Cornishmen by its rich yields.

The manner in which critics differ in their estimate of the literary work and of the "humour" of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is curiously exemplified in the two following citations. A leading organ of critical opinion "reviewed" the other day "The Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow" in this brief though suggestive fashion: "Says Mr. Jerome on p. 9, 'We grow so tired of being ourselves.' For our part, we wish he would change into someone who did not write books like this." In contradistinction to this judgment, a distinguished critic, in the course of a long notice, avers that Mr. Jerome's last book is one that "only very stupid persons can read without amusement, interest, and sympathy." This critic admits, however, that the "book is rather one to be read than criticised." It is hardly surprising that the opinion of the latter critic should occasion the remark of a literary paragraphist, that the writer gave evidence of his need of a holiday.

The Solicitor-General is an ardent devotee of golf, and his enthusiasm in the popular game is shared to the fullest extent by Lady Finlay. A short time ago Sir Robert Finlay related how he had had the pleasure of playing some rounds of golf in France, admitting that it took him some time to get over the sense of strangeness in translating the technical language of golf into such good French as one could muster to enable the French caddie to understand what one wanted. For his interest in golf the Solicitor-General is indebted, it appears, to his wife, as Lady Finlay told her listeners at a golf-club bazaar in Inverness the other day that she took great pride in thinking that she had made her husband a golfer, Sir Robert remarking on the same occasion that ladies should encourage the game as much as possible, because it provided men with a harmless pursuit, kept them in the open air, was a healthy exercise, and prevented the possibility of a man becoming a nuisance about the house.

The two young ladies, Miss Ellis and Miss P. Ellis, whose portraits I reproduce, are quite distinguished "oarsmen." This year they have



THESE LADIES HAVE WON EVENTS AT MANY THAMES REGATTAS.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapstite.

been winners at Cookham and Wargrave Regattas. On Sept. 3 they won the Ladies' Double Sculls at Teddington Reach Regatta.

The newspaper accounts of the manœuvres on Salisbury Plain contain one or two items of information which are at first rather puzzling. For instance, one is told of the "gallant 42nd" advancing to the attack with martial ardour. But, on turning to the Army List, one finds that the "gallant Forty-twas" are stationed at Sitapur, in Oudh, and that it was



CAUGHT NAPPING.

Photo by Cummings, Aldershot.

the 73rd that did the advancing. Then the "6th Dragoons" execute some dashing bit of work, and, as the 6th are quartered in Ireland, this causes another reference to the List, when one finds that it is the 6th Dragoon Guards (the Carabiniers), and not the Inniskillings, that are earning undying glory on the Wiltshire Downs. But the item most exasperating to the regiments involved is the confusing of the "Cameron Highlanders" Militia battalion with the "Cameronians," a regiment that has nothing whatever to do with the Clan Cameron. The "Cameronians" are the 26th and 90th, and now form the "Scottish Rifles." They take their name from the former battalion, which was originally raised from the stern adherents—or rather, the survivors of them—of Richard Cameron in 1688. Such strict followers of the "Scottish martyr" were they that, when the Earl of Angus raised recruits for the regiment at Douglas in 1689, they insisted that their chaplain should be a follower of Richard Cameron, and that each company should have an "elder" to supply their spiritual needs. The "Cameronians" are, of course, a kilted regiment; the "Cameronians" wear a dark-green Highland jacket and tartan trews.

While some of the regiments commanded by the Sirdar will not have the pleasure of a reception in England such as they deserve—indeed, so taken for granted was the result of the expedition that the ships had been detailed some weeks before the battle at Omdurman to take the Warwicks and Lincolns on to India—the 21st Lancers will shortly return home. When raised from the disbanded troops of the East India Company in 1861 they were quartered in India for some years, coming to England early in the 'seventies. They formed part of the cavalry brigade at the Jubilee Review at Aldershot in 1887, and a month or two later embarked for India, so that they have now been abroad just eleven years. Though this is the first time the 21st have seen active service as a regiment, a detachment formed part of the Light Camel Corps in the Soudan in 1884, when, it may be remembered, the late Colonel Pigott of the regiment—then Captain—commanded the Mounted Infantry Camel Corps.

The Sirdar's army contains quite a number of sons and other relatives of distinguished men. Thus Lord Salisbury, Lord Roberts, Lord Derby, Sir Evelyn Wood, Lord Medway, Lord Lauderdale, Lord Loch, and the Duke of Teck have sons in the Soudan, the Earl of Durham two brothers, and Lord Wolseley a nephew. Lieutenant Grenfell of the 12th Lancers, who was on special service with the Sirdar's army, and lost his life in the splendid charge of the 21st Lancers, was not—as the newspapers reported—the son of Sir Francis Grenfell, but his nephew. Lieutenant Grenfell's father and mother both died but a few months ago.

I begin to believe in the Millennium when I see the *Daily Telegraph* lending its special war-correspondence to the *Times*, and the *Times* making the handsomest acknowledgment of this courtesy. Everybody regrets the misfortune which deprived the *Times* of the services of Colonel Frank Rhodes and Mr. Hubert Howard; one of whom was severely wounded at Omdurman and the other killed. In bygone days it was the etiquette of Printing House Square not to mention its contemporaries. That rule has now been broken by a tragedy. The proprietors of the *Telegraph* have set the example of a very different spirit, and I shall be glad to see the whole daily Press following it. I have never hesitated to speak of other journals by name, to applaud them when they deserved it, and occasionally to give them fraternal admonition. They have reciprocated these attentions with energy, sometimes with temper. This is as it should be, but nothing could well be more ridiculous than the old practice of ignoring your contemporary's existence.

There is some grim description in *Scribner's* of the Santiago fighting. Mr. Richard L. Harding Davis brings the scene before us only too vividly, but the most remarkable narrative is that of Mr. Edward Marshall, who was wounded so badly by a Mauser bullet that the surgeon told him he had only a little while to live. He lay in the grass without pain, conscious of nothing but a tremendous shock, and then a man who had been shot in both knees crawled over to him, and offered to take down his last dying messages in shorthand. The Mauser bullet did not kill Mr. Marshall, though he is said (I hope, untruly) to be paralysed. War grows more and more severe for the newspaper correspondents. They have to carry their lives in their hands, and dictate letters, when they are believed to be at the point of death.

The Secretary of the Edinburgh Summer Meeting writes me to point out a curious confusion which crept into my note of Aug. 31 upon the British Chautauqua. During August the University Extension Summer Meeting, organised twelve years ago by Professor Geddes, held its annual session in Edinburgh. Almost about the same time the British Chautauqua met in Edinburgh also, and in my note certain lectures by Mr. George Eyre-Todd, by Mr. Mari, the Secretary, and by Professor Patrick Geddes were mentioned as though they had been delivered to the Chautauquans. The photograph, too, which was given as that of the Chautauquans should have been entitled as that of the Edinburgh Summer Meeting. In the picture the members were grouped upon the stairs at University Hall, the home of the organisation. No doubt the fact that the Chautauquans were accommodated in some of the houses of University Hall facilitated the inadvertent affiliation of the two societies, which are quite distinct in interests and aims, and British Chautauqua, moreover, is only about one-fourth the age of the other gathering. There is nothing whatever of the "pious picnic" in the work of the Summer Meeting, which is a perfectly serious attempt at educational work during the University and school vacations. This year the students varied their severer labours with interesting excursions to the Burns country, the Scott country, and the haunts of Robert Louis Stevenson.

Mr. R. A. Hoblyn, of the Exchequer and Audit Office, Somerset House, sends me the accompanying memento of Leicester Square, and informs me that he is one of those who remember, thirty years ago, the actual statue of George I. in the condition represented in the photograph. Others there are who remember it when King George had disappeared, and others—but these are the younger generation knocking at the door—do not remember Leicester Square in any other form than it now presents. This form we owe to the generosity of Baron Grant, the German financier, who was once as much the talk of commercial London as Mr. Hooley is to-day.



STATUE OF KING GEORGE I. IN LEICESTER SQUARE.

Photo taken October 17, 1866.

I have to record a new experience (writes a correspondent). Somewhat tardily I have at last had a ride in a motor-car, but, as it was the first time, so it will be the last for many years—in fact, I have come to the conclusion that the motor-car is in about the same stage as the old cattle-trucks which did duty for third-class carriages on the railway at the beginning of the Queen's reign. I took my vehicle at Charing Cross on Thursday night after the theatre. I was jolted along for some distance, being passed on the way by hansoms, four-wheelers, and every other kind of conveyance. My journey was in the direction of Baker Street, but in Manchester Square the driver told me, with not too much courtesy, that his machine would not work any more, and I and my companion left the vehicle, amid the undoubted and forcibly expressed satisfaction of the drivers of many a passing hansom, who, not unnaturally, quite enjoyed this practical demonstration of the futility of this new method of locomotion.

Many of the good farmers of Suffolk now cart their corn from the harvest-field ("leading," the Scotch farmers call the operation) by steam-power. The traction-engine among the sheaves is less picturesque than the horse, but it does a good many horses' work.

The utility of a new diving-dress, which is likely to become an important factor in the pearl and sponge fisheries, and where deep-sea diving is necessary, was demonstrated the other week at Loch Long, when a party of shipowners, underwriters, and others witnessed some diving experiments with the Buchanan-Gordon attire. The dress is readily adjusted to the height of the diver, and the work of getting ready to descend does not occupy more than six minutes. The deepest part of Loch Long was chosen for the experiments, when the diver reached the great depth of thirty-two fathoms, twelve fathoms better than the practical maximum depth reached by the best-known ordinary appliances. The diver remained below for thirty minutes, and on reaching the lighter whence he was lowered divested himself without apparent discomfort of his heavy dress, by no means exhausted by his record performance. This experience is in striking contrast to that of the ordinary diver, who, after reaching a depth of twenty fathoms with the older appliances, and not remaining more than twenty minutes in the water, is invariably, when brought to the surface, in a state of complete collapse.

Margate, the Ghetto by the Sea, possesses in its grotto a sight that, curiously enough, to most of its visitors is "wropt in mystery," probably because the mere word "grotto" suggests too vividly to the average individual visions of importunate small boys, proprietors of piles of oyster-shells, a coloured candle or two, and a few half-dead marigolds. It is a great pity, for, as can be seen in the accompanying photograph, this two thousand square feet of intricate shell-mosaic is an extraordinary piece of work, both as regards its beauty and its unusuality. This year marks the diamond jubilee of its discovery, it having been found by accident in 1837. A Mr. Newlove was engaged in digging in his grounds, when his spade literally fell through the earth. This was unusual, not to say singular, and it was determined to explore the aperture. Consequently, Mr. Newlove's son was let down into it, and discovered the grotto as it now stands. No scientist or archæologist has yet been able to trace the date of its origin. The most likely theory advanced is that it has to do with the worship of the Persian Sun God, Mithra, a religion introduced into Britain by the Roman legionaries.



HOW THEY CART CORN BY STEAM IN SUFFOLK.

Photo by Waiton Burrell, Bury St. Edmunds.



THE "ALTAR-ROOM" IN MARGATE SHELL-MOSAIC GROTTTO.

The Vicar of Tewkesbury writes to the *Times*, more in sorrow than in anger, to warn his brethren and the public generally against the wiles of bogus theatrical applicants for charity. It was on this wise. In July last a theatrical company, styling itself The Vaudeville Syndicate, came to Tewkesbury and played for a week practically to bare boards. On the morning of their departure, the managers, "Messrs. W. Gustavus Bell and St. Aubyn Miller," called upon the reverend gentleman, and melted his sympathetic heart by a pathetic tale of starving actresses and

unpaid lodging-bills. Believing the case to be one of real distress, the Vicar lent W. Gustavus Bell and St. Aubyn Miller a much larger sum of money than he could possibly afford to lose. The proprietor of the local theatre, equally good-natured, went and did likewise. That was the last either of them heard of the company or its plausible "managers," who went on to Malvern, and thereafter, as far as the Vicar knows, "vanished into thin air." The visit to Tewkesbury was arranged by a "Mr. R. Bell-Baldwyn, of 'Holmercroft,' 40, Lyndhurst Road, Peckham," to whom the Vicar has applied in vain for information or satisfaction. The Vicar most justly remarks that it is a pity that discredit should be brought upon an honourable profession by such black sheep as "Messrs. Gustavus Bell and St. Aubyn Miller."

"Pity," however, seems a somewhat lenient term to apply to such an occurrence. Had the Vicar said "scandal," he would not have the least marred by over-strong language a letter remarkable for the admirable temper with which it relates an ugly and, to the Vicar, provoking incident.

Apropos of the visit of "The Three Musketeers," few people know that Alexandre Dumas *fil*s left an unfinished play called "La Troublante"; still fewer know the plot of the last work upon which the great dramatist worked. Among the latter privileged persons is a certain Professor of Rhetoric at the Lycée Condorcet, who has chosen as the subject for the thesis for his Doctor of Letters degree "Les Deux Dumas." Here is the analysis which he gives of "La Troublante"—

Didier, a doctor, is a man of genius. He is married too early to a woman incapable of understanding him, but who presents him with a good daughter, Geneviève. Didier has a pupil, Mathias, an advanced materialist like his master, who does not believe in the existence of the soul. "I have already seen," he says to Geneviève, "brains without thought, but never a thought without a brain"; and also, "If I gave you a violent blow on the brain with a stick, what would your soul say?" "It would pardon you," replies Geneviève. Into this family, composed of men of high thought and women with simple hearts, there comes the "Troublante," Miliane, who receives hospitality with her mother. Their father, formerly a rich man, has died, leaving his wife and daughter in need. Miliane has retained a bitter memory of music-lessons and the necessity of travelling on omnibuses. She loves luxury, she is in search of happiness. Her age is twenty-two, the age at which woman is "all-powerful." She is beauty and intelligence united. In a word, she is Woman. And one sees the ravages which this superb creature can make around her. One sees the drama which is being enacted—that is to say, superior beings within the power of simple souls. One divines the symbolical import of the play: materialism and nature, strong minds and believing hearts, the flesh and faith.

The time when fox-hunting shall begin on November 1 and go on until October 31 is, I conceive, not far distant. Despite the open season, some few packs prolonged their sport to kill a May fox or two, and the third week of August saw quite half-a-dozen packs take advantage of the early harvest to begin cub-hunting.

L'Ambassadeur, bred and owned by Mr. Charles Hopton, of the Rodney Kennels, Newark, New Jersey, is by Cameron—Champion Lady Monarch. He is a big dog, weighing 50 lb., in colour white, with a brindle patch. He was first shown in New York in 1895, when he was first in the puppy class. In the following year at the same place he was

first in the novice class, and the winner of two cups. In the Boston Show he took a first, a special, and a medal; a first, a cup, and a medal in Philadelphia; a first and a special at Binghampton; and a first, special, and a medal at Brooklyn. In 1897 he took the second challenge and the stud championship at the New York Show, beating the English prize-winner, King Orry. His next show was in England, at Earlsfield, where he was second in the novice and open classes. He was first at the St. Pancras Show, and third at Wandsworth.

During the present year he has been twice shown in America, taking a second and special at Baltimore, and a second, a cup,

and a medal at the New York Show. L'Ambassadeur has beaten such good dogs in England as Galtec More, Kilburn Doctor, Young King Orry, Bully Boy, Dacoit, Demon Monarch, Satan II., and many others. As a stud dog he has been equally successful, having sired most of the American prize-winners, such as Belle Venus, who took a first and a medal at the New York Show of 1896; Candidate, who was awarded a first and two medals at the show of the following year; Bomskée, who won a second and a medal at the same show; L'Ambassadee, the winner of first prizes and medals at New York and Boston; L'Ambassadeur II., who was the winner of first prizes at Brooklyn, St. Paul's, Chicago, and other shows, as well as numerous other sons and daughters who will carry down his honoured name to posterity. Mr. Charles Hopton, when in London, is to be seen at every dog-show, but his good dog remains for the present in his American kennels. As L'Ambassadeur is only a little over four years old (having been born on Feb. 20, 1894), he may look forward to continued successes both as a show and a stud dog. Mr. Hopton is an important member of the Bulldog Club of America.

The Cust family once had a remarkable Persian cat, which belonged to Lady Cust, whose husband, the founder of the Cust baronetcy, was so long Master of Ceremonies to the Queen. It crossed the Atlantic twenty-three times with her ladyship, and its kittens used to be sold at two guineas each on behalf of a hospital for cripples.

Stories are constantly being told of the good-nature of the Emperor of Austria, but I think the latest surpasses any of them. Not long ago, he looked in, as he often does, at the Military Academy at Wiener-Neustadt. He dropped into one of the class-rooms, and, leaning over a desk with his chin reposing on his hand, listened to the questions of the instructor. Suddenly the cadet nearest to his Majesty stretched out his hand and pulled out a feather from the Emperor's cocked-hat. The neighbouring youths all made signs that they wished to share in the spoil, and the original depredator obligingly went on plucking out feather after feather, until the plume was reduced to a very pitiable aspect. Growing rash in his immunity, he at last gave too hard a tug; the Emperor's hat came off, and his Majesty caught the culprit with a feather in his hand.

The youth was now in a great state of alarm over what he had done, and felt convinced that at the very least he would suffer expulsion from the Academy. "What do you intend to do with that feather?" the Emperor asked in serious tones, which did not allay the alarm of the culprit. "I wanted it as a souvenir of your Majesty," was the faltering reply. "Well, but you have taken rather a large stock of souvenirs," said the Emperor, looking ruefully at his hat. "What have you done with the rest?" "I have given them away to my neighbours." "All right," said the Emperor, relaxing into a smile; "I suppose there is nothing for it but to let you have the whole lot." And, taking out the bundle of feathers, he threw it to the boy, amid the enthusiastic applause of the class. Then, remembering that, if he went about without any feathers in his hat, he would run the risk of being arrested by the first sentinel he met, he turned to the instructor and requested the loan of his cap.

The following tale comes from Trouville. Two gentlemen, well known in Parisian society, were bathing one morning far out on the sands. They gradually swam out to some distance, but, as they were both accomplished swimmers, no one paid any heed to the fact. Presently the onlookers saw despairing gestures and arms waving as if begging for help, and soon came to the conclusion that the two, having ventured out too far, were now exhausted, and were trying to attract attention. Their friends at once procured a boat and rowed out with all speed to where the two were struggling in the water. They shouted encouragingly to them to hold up as long as they could, as help was coming. On arriving close, however, they were astonished to see that the two gentlemen, instead of aiding each other, were cuffing and hitting one another with all their strength as they swam. It seems that they had been unlucky enough to start the subject of Dreyfus, and found it just as easy to settle their dispute in the water as on dry land.



L'AMBASSADEUR.
Photo by Metzler, New York



A CAT THAT CROSSED THE ATLANTIC
TWENTY-THREE TIMES.

Photo by Beau



A PERT PUG.



A BLACK DOT.
Photographs by Landor, Edinb.



A PRECOCIOUS POODLE.

THE MACBETHS OF YESTERYEAR.

THEY LACKED THE HISTORIC SENSE WHICH YOU WILL SEE AT THE LYCEUM

"Macbeth" is one of the plays which the theatrical historian regards with a considerable degree of exasperation, for he has a record of a very early production of it, but the record is practically valueless. The recorder is Dr. Simon Forman, the astrologer, who notes in his diary that he saw the play produced at the Globe Theatre on April 20, 1610.



GARRICK AS MACBETH.

Now, if Dr. Forman's astrological powers had enabled him to foresee events a few centuries ahead, he would not have failed to record who played the various characters and how they were played; but, unhappily, he does not seem to have applied the science of the stars to such a trifle as a play by the then living dramatist, William Shakspeare, and so all that his diary contains is an account of the plot of the tragedy. And we, to whom even a few words regarding the players and the playing would have been invaluable, are put off with information which we have as well as, or better than, Dr. Forman. Regarding the earliest actors of Macbeth we know nothing. It is true that there is a line in the "Funeral Elegy" on Burbage

which claims Macbeth as one of his parts, but it is very doubtful if the line is genuine.

We are thus driven to our usual starting-point in stage history, the Restoration, when Genest, the painstaking historian of the theatre, and our worthy friend Mr. Pepys come to our aid. Pepys was not an unvarying admirer of Shakspeare. Indeed, he thought most meanly of several of that author's works. But he was indulgent towards "Macbeth," which he considered, when he first saw it, on Nov. 5, 1664, "a pretty good play." Again he saw it in December 1666, and again in the succeeding month; and, on the latter occasion, he was good enough to note that it was "a most excellent play in all respects, but especially in divertisement, though it be a deep tragedy." This description of the play would seem to indicate that Pepys never saw it in its original form, for nothing could be less applicable to Shakspeare's play, and nothing could more exactly describe Davenant's alteration, with its singing witches and other popular features, which most of us older playgoers have seen in our own day.

When Mr. Pepys saw "Macbeth," the Thane himself was played by Thomas Betterton, the greatest of the Restoration actors, and the Lady was represented by Mrs. Betterton. Both of them won great distinction in the characters; and the same may be said in the cases of Harris, who played Macduff, and Smith, who was the Banquo.

A strange blunder has been made in connection with this last-named part, and the present writer is afraid that he has helped to give it currency. The blunder is the statement, originally made on the authority of the edition of the play published in 1674, that, while Smith played Banquo, the Ghost of Banquo was played by Sandford, the most famous actor of villains then on the stage. It is to be feared that some of us have displayed considerable ingenuity in explaining why the ghastly spectre which so terrifies the guilty King should be hideous and abhorrent, although the person in his life was handsome and gallant; but it has been wasted ingenuity, for the facts required no explaining away. The error has a very simple origin. The cast of characters in the edition of 1674 is somewhat roughly printed, and the name of Sandford has wandered slightly from the line to which it really belonged into the line opposite the part of "Banquo's Ghost," against which there was intended to be left simply a blank. So one of the "curiosities" of stage literature is exploded, and a printer's error explains what has been explained by much more elaborate causes.

In the succeeding generation we read, perhaps, more about Macduff than about Macbeth himself, for Wilks, Colley Cibber's colleague in management, was very famous in the less important character, and it

will be remembered that Steele, in the *Tatler*, gives Wilks's Macduff unqualified praise. Barton Booth, the other colleague of Cibber, always played Banquo, and Macbeth fell into the hands of a respectable but quite uninspired actor, John Mills. There is a well-known stage anecdote which relates that some boon companion of George Powell, who played Lenox, was so wearied by the heaviness of Mills's acting, that, when Lenox appeared, he shouted out to him, "For God's sake, George, give us a speech, and let me go home!" This same George Powell was an actor of first-rate ability, who had himself acted Macbeth in opposition to Betterton, but had ruined his career by dissipation and neglect of his business.

Between Betterton and Garrick, the most famous Macbeth was, no doubt, James Quin, who first played the part in November 1718. But his cannot have been a performance of the highest order, for, according to Tom Davies, his acting of it was marked by a heavy monotony; and it is curious to know that at that time Macbeth was regarded by the players as a second-rate part, the "fat" of which, to use the actors' phrase, was contained in the first and second acts.

Up to Garrick's time "Macbeth" had been played only in Davenant's perversion, and when the announcement was made that Shakspeare's play was to be given, Quin is reported to have said, "What does Garrick mean? Don't I play Macbeth as written by Shakspeare?" That he did not is abundantly proved by another anecdote which relates how the older actor asked his young rival where he got such odd expressions as—

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon,
Where got'st thou that goose look?

Macbeth, which he played on Jan. 7, 1744, was undoubtedly one of the very greatest of Garrick's characters, in spite of the unsuitability of his personal appearance for the part. He must have been marvellously assisted in his acting by the Lady Macbeth of Mrs. Pritchard, which remains a tradition of excellence on the stage. It is one of the standing wonders also of the dramatic faculty that this extraordinary perfection in one of the most difficult characters should have been exhibited by a woman whom we have every reason to believe to have been of less than average intelligence. We cannot suppose that Dr. Johnson was utterly wrong in his estimate of her ability when he said, "It is wonderful how little mind she had. Sir, she had never read the tragedy of 'Macbeth' all through. She no more thought of the play out of which her part was taken than a shoemaker thinks of the skin out of which the piece of leather of which he is making a pair of shoes is cut." We must fall back on a theory of very direct inspiration to explain this extraordinary anomaly.

How Macbeth and his Lady were dressed is very well indicated in Zoffany's well-known picture of Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard in the "Murder" scene. The Thane is shown in a military uniform of the early Georgian period, just as an earlier illustration shows us the Macbeth of a previous generation in a uniform such as would be worn by one of Marlborough's captains. Lady Macbeth wears a sort of tragedy costume of the period. So far, no endeavour had been made at appropriateness of costume in any save the characters of Henry VIII. and Richard III., which, strangely enough, seem always to have been dressed with some approach to truth. But a reformer was now to arise in the person of Charles Macklin, who in 1773 dressed Macbeth in what his biographer calls "the old Caledonian habit," whatever he may have meant to convey by that phrase. If he had made the Caledonian habit sufficiently old it would not have been



MRS. YATES AS LADY MACBETH.



KEAN AS MACBETH.



MACKLIN AS MACBETH.



MRS. SIDDONS AS LADY MACBETH.

were amused rather than impressed. After Garrick the next Macbeth of any note was Henderson, of whom there is the well-known fine print after Romney's picture, and now the centre of interest shifts from the Thane to his Lady, for the period of Mrs. Siddons has arrived. She first played the part in London on Feb. 2, 1785, and from that time to the present it is scarcely too much to say that no such performance in tragedy has ever been witnessed. Fortunately for those who desire to follow the details of this masterpiece of the greatest tragic actress this country has produced, very full descriptions are given by both of Mrs. Siddons's biographers, Campbell and Boaden, and the former has preserved for us the actress's own notes on the character. Further, Professor G. J. Bell, brother of the celebrated surgeon, left among his papers a very minute analysis of Mrs. Siddons's tones and actions, which must be of incalculable value to any actress who proposes to play the part.

Probably Mrs. Siddons would have overshadowed any actor who played Macbeth to her Lady—she certainly altogether overbore her brother, John Kemble, who does not seem to have been at all good in the character. A third Kemble, Charles, the graceful and elegant, played, first, Malcolm, and later, Macduff.

It is interesting to learn that Sir Walter Scott contributed to the accuracy of John Kemble's costume. He was

troublesome to provide or to wear. Unfortunately, there is no print of Macklin in this costume, the only one which we know showing him in a very commonplace tragedy dress, quite as inappropriate as the dress worn by Spranger Barry, as shown in a very uncommon old print, which is reproduced. Poor Macklin's innovation was not a success, apparently, for his biographer, after referring to the unsuitability of his appearance, goes on to say that in his first scene, "when the audience saw a clumsy old man, who looked more like a Scotch Piper than a General, stumping down the stage," they

well-known names, of which may be mentioned Ellen Tree, afterwards Mrs. Charles Kean, Fanny Kemble, Charlotte Cushman, Mrs. Warner, and Helen Faucit.

Phelps was, of course, bound to play Macbeth, and to play it well. It was the play with which he opened his famous Sadler's Wells experiment on May 27, 1844, when Mrs. Warner was the Lady. His rival, Charles Kean, was also bound to play Macbeth, and to play it pretty badly. It was in 1853 that he produced it, with extravagant elaboration, at the Princess's Theatre, with his wife as Lady Macbeth. It is worthy of note that this was the first production which was accompanied by the Archaeological Manifestoes



MRS. SIDDONS AS LADY MACBETH.

which displayed such imposing learning and were received with such banter by *Punch* and other enemies of Kean.

It would be unpardonable to omit reference to the grand performance of Madame Ristori in Lady Macbeth, or to the picturesque Macbeth of Signor Salvini, while it ought to be chronicled that Madame Sarah Bernhardt was not seen to advantage in the play. It ought not to be necessary to remind playgoers that Sir Henry Irving has twice produced the play, and that his view of Macbeth's character gave rise to much discussion, in connection with which excellent defence was made of Sir Henry's reading. In the first production Miss Bateman was the Lady, while in the second a new and much-disputed view of the Lady's character was given by the ever charming and interesting Ellen Terry.

It will be seen from this sketch of the stage-history of "Macbeth" that the characters of the Thane and his Lady have been among the highest achievements of most of our great players, and have formed a touchstone of their abilities. It is to be hoped, by all lovers of the stage, that Mr. Forbes-Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell are about to add their names to the list of those great players who in the past have succeeded in these most arduous characters.

It may be noted, in connection with the announcement of the players



SPRANGER BARRY AS MACBETH.

of the witches in the new production, that the experiment, made by Sir Henry Irving in his second revival, of having the Weird Sisters played by ladies was a great improvement and a great innovation. From the earliest time these characters have been the property of the comedians, and every playgoer who has had any experience of the old stock companies must recollect that the Weird Sisters were represented by the Low Comedian, the Old Man, and the Old Woman of the company—generally a fairly grotesque trio. This, it may be hoped, is a thing of the past—R. W. LOWE

Neither Edmund Kean nor George Frederick Cooke was particularly successful as Macbeth, but Macready made it one of his greatest parts. It really seems to have been a performance of quite remarkable merit, and Macready studied it and improved it to the last. Among the actresses who played Lady Macbeth with Macready were several



PHELPS AS MACBETH.



MACREADY AS MACBETH.

THE ARMY MANŒUVRES.

From Photographs by Cummings, Aldershot.



HOW THEY FILLED THE BALLOON AT THE MANŒUVRES.



THE 12TH LANCERS, 13TH AND 15TH HUSSARS, AND ARTILLERY DWELT IN THESE TENTS AT CHALK FARM.

THE ARMY MANŒUVRES.

From Photographs by Charles Knight, Aldershot.



THE CAMERON HIGHLANDERS: "THE HIGHLAND FLING."



A DROWSY PICKET.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Truly the French nation has fallen on evil days lately. It had seemed as if the great humiliation of 1870 was shaken off in a new expansion of self-esteem. Germany, indeed, was left alone, but it seemed safe to bully semi-civilised States and to encroach upon British colonies or spheres of influence everywhere. Madagascar, expensive to seize and useless when taken, still looked bravely on the map; a good deal of treaty-making could be done with a few Senegal sharpshooters about the Niger; and then there was the consciousness of reserved strength, of wealth, and of a huge army provided with all the latest appliances. Finally, there was the Russian alliance.

Now, how has the prospect clouded! The exhibition of a little firmness on the part of our Colonial Secretary has led to the conclusion of a fairly equitable agreement on the Niger, and that cause of quarrel is closed for the time. Acrimonious French journals call him "a dangerous marionette," which is neither polite nor logical, for marionettes are not dangerous: but aggressive patriots must seek consolation in other quarters. The Czar's peace manifesto has spread consternation; it is plain that Russia, having got all the money and support that France is at present able to lend her, proposes to remain quiet, and digest her annexations in seclusion. No doubt, an unprovoked assault from Germany would be met by help from Russia; but that is improbable.

And now the last source of self-complacency has vanished with the confession and suicide of Colonel Henry. The French Army in itself is doubtless sound enough as far as privates and subordinate officers go. But in modern warfare, as the day of Omdurman has shown conclusively, the most desperate devotion is helpless against skill and discipline. And the French General Staff is sadly to seek in judgment and wisdom, while the late War Minister has shown all the narrow and conscientious obstinacy of an entirely impracticable man. The soldiers and civilians who have produced the miserable Dreyfus muddle are not, as a rule, desperate and scheming villains; there would be more hope for them if they were. They are simply ordinary inefficient persons, well-meaning, but apparently incapable of common sense.

M. Cavaignac himself deserves great credit for his inflexible honesty in exposing the fraud when he had once detected it; but what are we to think of his calibre of mind for having ever believed in it for a moment? He needed a discrepancy of water-mark in the paper to detect the falsity of a document that positively reeked with fabrication. Here is one foreign Military Attaché at Paris writing to another. Both are educated men, and men of the world; both must necessarily be familiar with the French language. Yet one of them makes elementary blunders in French grammar. How singularly unlikely! Again, these two Attachés have, *en hypothesi*, been dealing with the supposed traitor, Dreyfus. They have been writing each other notes, apparently authentic, referring to a certain "D." "D.," say the accusers, is Dreyfus. If so, there is surely no need to say anything more than "D." when the Attachés want to indicate Dreyfus to each other. They must know, these Attachés, that they are themselves spied on, and their letters may be intercepted. Yet we are asked to believe that, after the condemnation of the supposed traitor, one of his employers writes to the other and refers to their connection with Dreyfus, carefully stating the name in full and adding his race, so that no mistake can possibly be made in case the letter is intercepted.

The whole affair is too childish for anything but melodrama. Not otherwise does the wicked Markis, destitute of honour as of "h's," lead his accomplice down to the footlights, within earshot of the bush through which the nose of the comic man glimmers like a setting sun. "Listen, Jeremiah Bluggins! 'twas on this very day only two and a-half years ago that you stunned the haged Dook of Bottlemere with a rolling-pin having your initials carved on it, which you afterwards 'id in the right-and top corner of the deserted waterworks on yonder 'igh 'ill! Then, as you know well, I stabbed 'im to the 'eart with a diamond 'at-pin stolen from the dressing-case of 'Aroid 'Artley, the 'ero, which he is now expiating in a dungeon. And why did I do this? Because I am not the Markis, as you know well. My real name is 'Enery 'Alliday, known to my pals as 'Orrid 'Arry, and papers proving it could be found in the disused pillar-box at the corner of the Hatbara Road, North-East Kensington. But, hush! Not a soul must know our hawful seerick!" So with the supposed letter of the foreign Attaché. "Somebody is going to ask about Dreyfus. I have always called the man 'D.' before, but *this* letter is to be intercepted, and, if I did not insert the name in full, people might think 'D.' was somebody else. You will say you know nothing about that Jew—I mention that he is a Jew, so that everybody may be sure what Dreyfus we mean—and so shall I. Nobody is likely to ask either of us, but that does not matter. Nobody mustn't know nothink about our relations with the traitor. That is why I have written this wholly unnecessary letter to tell you about what you know already as well as I do."

Yet M. Cavaignac swallowed the absurd rigmarole, and so did the Chamber, and, by printing and posting up the War Minister's speech, wrote itself down an Ass on every blank wall in France. And the silly fabrication might even now hold the field but for the fact that Colonel Henry had used paper with the wrong water-mark. He could not, apparently, overestimate the water-mark of his chief's brains.—MARMITON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Publishers are always telling us that there is no market for the short story; that our robust population do not like their fiction in nibbles, however dainty, but in good, solid, square meals. It is true that it is only necessary for a novelist to write something very long and very laborious for him to gain the reputation of being serious; and short stories, however subtly and seriously they are conceived, with whatever art they are executed, are looked on as elegant and trifling. But they are published—in defiance or not of public taste—at perilous risk, perhaps, to the publishers' pockets, but published they are, and in considerable numbers. Two volumes of them lie before me now. By far the better is Miss Ella D'Arcy's "Modern Instances" (Lane). She is gaining real skill in this form of fiction. Her methods—save in the Channel Islands stories, where she fumbles somewhat, are swift and precise. Perhaps her satire on poor humankind is not very good-natured. She pursues the mediocre, the stupid, the mean, with a fury that must fail of its effect; for these things are unshakable and proudly unsusceptible. But if her pictures be not always very amiable, and if they be not always worth doing, they are very clever and true to the life depicted. The development of Nettie Catterson, from the time she is married and given an unambiguous position and the power pertaining thereto, is described in a masterly fashion. The mean-souled woman of the lower classes, given the opportunities which money brings, has perhaps never been so painted before. No one will want to see a replica of the work.

Of far greater interest is the sketch entitled "The Death Mask." The subject of it is plainly Verlaine. A mask is taken of the head of the dead poet, and when it is finished, looked at one way it reveals all the satyr-like vileness of the inner man; looked at in another light, it reveals a god. An American enthusiast, who had never seen the poet alive, catches sight of the awful revelation of the mask, and his soul dies within him; but the next moment he sees the other phase, and blessedly recovers his ideal. The sketch is a wonderfully sympathetic and far from sentimental picture of this strange dual nature, at once divine and bestial, of the man who defies every ordinary judgment, "with his unconscious brutalities, his unexpected gentleness, his furies of remorse; this man with the lofty brain, the perverted tastes, the weak, irresolute, indulgent heart."

The second book is by Mr. Barry Pain, and it is called "Wilma, and Other Stories of Women" (Harper). There has been a good deal of scolding about Mr. Pain's humour, but directly he drops it and writes in his graver vein there is disappointment and some complaint—which should teach him how much the critics' scoldings are worth. "Wilma," and the other stories, too, are products of his serious moods, but they are pleasantly, not heavily, serious. In fact, they are merely pleasant; there is nothing misanthropic or pessimistic about their sadness. Mr. Pain hates a really painful ending, does not think ugly things are good material unless they be funny, and is quite as unmodern as a smart, up-to-date young writer can afford to be. Everything in the tales is sweet-natured and wholesome and unpretentious. The type is large, the pages not too many, and what other recommendation does a holiday-book require?

George Egerton has produced her first long story. "The Wheel of God" (Richards) is a much more agreeable production than "Keynotes" and its companion volumes. The altered fashion of taste during the last year or two has had its effect, or a dormant sense of humour has awakened in the writer. We have no longer presented to us the grand, tragic woman of genius who weds the ogre; the characters are human creatures not very unlike ourselves. But why the novel was written is not very easy to guess. Looked at as a whole, it has neither form nor purpose, unless the purpose be to show how much experience of life is needed to make a woman of wide and intelligent sympathy, even when the material is good to begin with. There are striking pictures of life in an Irish debtors' prison in New York and in London. There is a gallery of clever portraits, Major Desmond, the gay, irresponsible Irishman, standing out in the clear light of success. But you read on from one page to another as you might along the news columns of a paper. All is disjointed, unformed. It would be so much good raw material for the trained writer of fiction to select from, to weld into shape.

When George Egerton was under certain unwholesome Scandinavian influences, one wished her to stop writing for her sins against taste. Now she has worked herself into a clearer moral atmosphere; but the fog of the North still clings about the shape of her work, dulling its outlines, and making her content with half-realizations. There has always been something inarticulate about her stories, and this is much more noticeable now that she has taken her subject from more ordinary life. It is a mark of the Sensitivist school to which she belongs that they articulate syllables with unnecessary emphasis; but the consecutive syllables do not somehow make up a clear idea. The amount of quite definite description of details in "The Wheel of God" is almost incredible, seeing that the general result is almost a blur. But, to do it justice, one consistent idea does run through her conception of the heroine, namely, that in certain strong natures all the experiences of life, however hard and bitter, tend to deepen affection and make the need for bestowing it clamorous and irresistible. b. o.



MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH IN "TERESA," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALERY, REGENT STREET, W.

SOME REMARKABLE CENTENARIANS.

A few days ago M. Frédéric Moreau, the well-known French antiquary, completed the one hundredth year of his age. This, as far as is at present known, is the first instance of an antiquary attaining the distinction of a centenarian, and one may offer him congratulations and felicitations on his having broken the record.

M. Moreau has lately brought out the second edition of his "Album de la Collection Caranda." He writes a clear, firm hand, and has

evidently retained much of the life and spirits of his youth. Indeed, it may be doubted whether the worn-out condition of body and mind are so invariably the attendants upon old age as is popularly supposed. History tells us of many notable old men who, long after passing the allotted span of years, have preserved the freshness of youth, the vigour of limb and the clearness of intellect which are more often found in a man before fifty years of age than afterwards.

Probably the most remarkable example of the kind is furnished by Thomas Parr, "the

THOMAS PARR, DIED AT THE AGE OF
152 YEARS.

Old, Old, Very Old Man," as John Taylor calls him. When eighty years of age, Parr married his first wife, by whom he had one son and one daughter. About this time he was in the prime of his life. Years elapsed without impairing his vigour, which was so much in excess of his discretion that, when he was over a hundred years old, he was compelled, for certain defections from the path of virtue, to do penance in a white sheet in the parish church. The old man does not seem to have treated the matter very seriously, for, fifty years afterwards, when he was brought into the presence of Charles I., he alluded to the circumstance with some jocularly.

When Parr was 112 years of age, his first wife died, and ten years later he married a second wife. For thirty years afterwards he lived the life of a husbandman. At the age of 130 years Parr used to thresh out the corn on the barn-floor, and he lived the simple and abstemious life of a small farmer. At length the fame of the wonderful old man reached the ears of the second Earl of Arundel, who brought Parr in a litter by easy stages to London, in September 1635. The wonderful

The old man died in November 1635, aged 152, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where an inscription records the chief circumstances of his remarkable life, and mentions the fact that he lived in the reigns of ten monarchs.

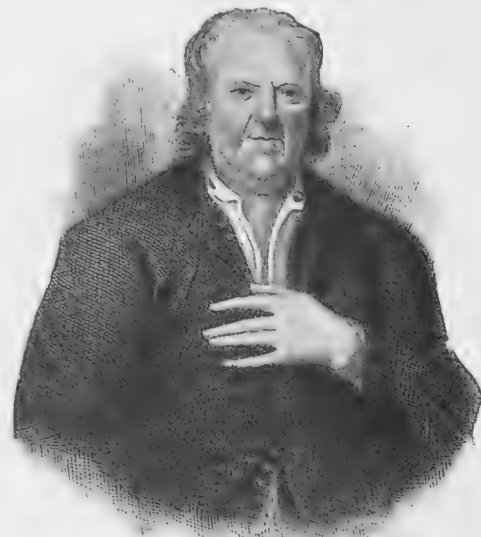
Henry Jenkins was another man whose age greatly exceeded a hundred years. He claimed to have been born in 1501, and circumstantially related that he assisted in carrying arrows for the army on the occasion of the Battle of Flodden. According to his own computation, Jenkins lived to the venerable age of 169 years, for it is known that his death occurred ten years after the restoration of Charles II. There is, however, a good deal of uncertainty as to the truth of his statements, particularly as to the date of his birth, and his claim to have lived to a greater age than Old Parr lacks confirmation.

History tells of many men who reached an age considerably above a hundred. William Aldridge, a wheelwright, who resided at Acton, lived 114 years, died in 1698, and was buried in the churchyard of his native parish.

Henry Evans, who was seven years old when Charles I. was beheaded, died at Spital Street, Spitalfields, in 1771, at the great age of 129.

There are on record some remarkable examples of longevity among the fair sex. The Countess of Desmond is a celebrated example. In the reign of Edward IV. she married James, the fourteenth Earl of Desmond, and visiting England during the same reign, danced at Court with the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. Sir Walter Raleigh assures us that in his time she was not less remarkable for sprightliness than for her age. At the age of 140 years, being reduced to poverty, she undertook a journey from Bristol to London to solicit some relief from the Court. The year of her death is uncertain, but she is known to have far exceeded the age of 140 years.

Jane Scrimshaw was born during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in 1584, and died during the reign of Queen Anne, in 1711, at the age of 127. She was never married, and when little more than forty years of age she found a comfortable home in Merchant Taylors' Almshouse, near Little Tower Hill. There she spent eighty years of her long life, and



WILLIAM ALDRIDGE, AGED 114.



HENRY EVANS, AGED 129.



JANE SCRIMSHAW, AGED 127.

vitality of the old man was the marvel of the age. He was presented to the King, and afterwards exhibited at the Queen's Head in the Strand.

All these changes, however, had an injurious effect on his health. He missed the invigorating air of his native Shropshire, and the constitution which years seemed powerless to affect gave way before the noise and excitement of London and a superabundance of rich diet, of which Parr partook with his characteristic indifference to consequences.

her death is supposed to have been hastened, if not actually caused, by her removal from the almshouse to the workhouse.

Some of the more recent of centenarians are Jacob William Lunning, who was born in 1767, and died at Morden College, Blackheath, June 23, 1870, at the age of 103. M. Moreau, to whom we have already referred, is still living, and M. Chevreul, the great French chemist, who died in 1889, lived to the great age of 102.



MR. W. H. KENDAL, WHO IS APPEARING AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE
IN "THE ELDER MISS BLOSSOM."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

A ROMANCE OF PRIVATEERING.*

Mr. Richard Collings, who is the pivot of the plot of Miss D'Esterre-Keeling's eventful novel, "The Queen's Serf," was born to be hanged, if there is truth in the old proverb. Before he was twenty he had as many narrow escapes from death as St. Paul—from accidents, outrages, the malice of fortune, and the malignity of man. Nor were these even then and thus propitiated. He had hardly reached mature manhood when his piety in a great storm suggested to the sailors to give him something to pray against, for they coveted his treasure. He was flung into the raging sea, which threw him upon a rock, where he had all but perished of cold and hunger when a Spanish ship, to her misfortune, picked him up, and for her pains was taken by an Algerine rover. These pirates put the greater part of the Spanish crew to death, and sold the rest, including Jonah, into slavery. After many years of slavery, Mr. Richard Collings was released and returned to England, where unrelenting fate still pursued him and all with whom he had to do. Hardly had he landed when he was pressed by a privateer's crew, causing by his disappearance suspicion of his murder to fall upon the hero, who was tried, condemned, and hanged—but not executed—for the offence. The privateer, as we have come now to expect, was taken by a Spanish man-of-war, and Jonah soon found himself, with eight of the crew, in a Spanish prison in Florida, where he meets the hero, some months after he had been duly hanged for his murder. After a brief imprisonment, Richard Collings is released and re-embarks for England in a vessel of whose doom we are now absolutely certain. Wrecked she was accordingly, under the most piteous circumstances, within sight of Richard Collings' home, and we are relieved to find that Jonah himself this time was finally disposed of.

It will be seen that "unmerciful disaster followed fast and followed faster" not only Richard Collings, but also all those with whom he had to do, and most of all, naturally, those who took his part against fortune. Of the crew who resented his prayers and coveted his treasure, but one man stood out against his robbery and murder, and that man alone was made to expiate both crimes. He was marooned on a desert island, where he was fortunate to find a coffin which served him as a boat, and, using its lid as a paddle, he put out to sea, and was picked up and pardoned by the very crew which had marooned him. He returns to England haunted by the gloomy shadow of this baseless charge, and falls there in love with the sister of the hero, who, in opposition to her father, approves of the sailor's addresses. Her father, resenting at once the girl's acceptance of the sailor and her rejection of a rich attorney, cast her off utterly, and even her brother the hero seemed to desert her, as he failed to keep his promise to be present at the wedding. Upon this failure turned the whole future of the hero, since, on his journey later to make his explanation and apology, he is detained at Deal so late that he has to put up there for the night at an inn. Unfortunately, the landlady's uncle was our fatal friend, Mr. Richard Collings, whose bed the hero is compelled to share. In the small hours of the morning Mr. Collings bethought himself of a chest of valuables which he had left in an unlocked shed at the end of the garden, and, as he is old and ill, and in much alarm about the treasure, the hero volunteers to seek and restore it to him. He finds neither the treasure in the shed, nor its owner on his return from the search. So mysterious was the whole affair that the hero persuaded himself that he had dreamed it, and therefore said nothing about it when he reached his sister's—a silence which made fatally against him when he was charged with the murder of his late bed-fellow. He was supposed to have murdered the old man for his money, carried his body from the inn to the shore and cast it into the sea. Upon this charge he was tried and condemned to be hanged, and was hanged—twice even—first with a rope, and afterwards (when presumably dead) in chains. Nevertheless he survived both hangings and was smuggled

out of England in a privateer, which was captured by a Spanish man-of-war. The hero was imprisoned in a Spanish jail in Florida, where, like Joseph, he found such favour with the keeper of the prison as to be made his deputy. Among the prisoners that came under his charge as deputy was Mr. Richard Collings, who also had been smuggled, involuntarily, on board a privateer, which met with the same fate as the ship the hero had escaped in. Hence his mysterious disappearance, for which the hero had been held accountable. While the hero that night made his way to the garden-shed, Mr. Collings went in search of a doctor, and was pressed *en route* by the privateer's crew. Then the hero learned from Mr. Collings' own lips how it was that not only himself, but his brother-in-law, had come to be suspected at different times of the murder of the calamitous Jonah, and he has the satisfaction of the certainty of being able to exculpate both upon his return to England. But he reckons without the infectiously unfortunate Mr. Collings, who was drowned on the return voyage to England, while indirectly he nearly occasioned the same fate to the hero, who, hurrying to get on board Jonah's boat, was seized, knocked upon the head, and flung into

the sea by an English pirate crew. He was not knocked so senseless, however, as to be unable to swim to a Spanish boat, which rescued and restored him, and enabled him to embark at last for England. In England he is "the Queen's Serf," as, having escaped with his life after execution, he is in the precise position defined by that title—that of a man whose death sentence had been commuted; for Mr. Collings' death at sea left him without the exculpating evidence upon which he had reckoned. He is now more anxious than ever for this exculpation, since he hopes to win the daughter of the innkeeper—the grand-niece of the man he was supposed to have murdered—but he cannot show a scrap of writing or call a living witness to attest the truth of his incredible story. Not even his brother-in-law, he feared, believed in his innocence, for when they met they passed each other without greeting. In his anger at so significant a cut, the hero struck with his stick at every stone and rock in his path, till he found at last that its crook was gone. Retracing his steps to look for it, he finds his brother-in-law with the crook at his foot, reading intently a paper he held in his hand. This paper was Mr. Richard Collings' will, which he had concealed in the stick, but left with it behind in his hurried flight from Florida. The hero had carried the stick to England in the hope of being able to restore it to its owner, but little dreaming that it held not his exculpation only, but a bequest to



MISS D'ESTERRE-KEELING.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

himself of £6995. Thus he is made at last happy, with the recovered esteem of his fellows and with the hand of the charming heroine. The story is told with an archaic daintiness in keeping with the time it deals with—the classic age of Anne.

A BITTER CRY FROM THE NEW WORLD.

Mr. Hamlin Garland is known as one of the pleasantest of American short-story writers. But now and again he dips his pen into very sombre-coloured ink, and he has done so in the latest book that has come across to us, "Jason Edwards" (Thacker). This tale of an American workman, employed first as a mechanic in the Eastern States, and afterwards as a cultivator of land in the West, is of unmitigated sadness. One must hope Mr. Garland is telling of an exceptional tragedy; but he writes as if it were no uncommon thing for a man in his country to be honest and hard-working and well-trained, and yet to be ground down and swindled into starvation and death. No more bitter cry could come from the Old World. No darker warning was ever sent across to our hopeful emigrants. Is it an exaggerated picture for propagandist purposes? Whether it is so or not, it is the kind of thing that breeds hatred and loathing for the modern world, whose chief talent is exploitation. It is a crime to write such things lightly, but there is a deadly seriousness about Mr. Garland's manner that brings one much discomfort. By way of raising our spirits, he follows "Jason Edwards" in the same volume by the pleasant Bret Harteian tale, "A Little Norsk."

* "The Queen's Serf." By Elsa D'Esterre-Keeling. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

THE HOME OF THE CHURCHILLS

From Photographs by H. C. Shelley.



THE PART OF BLENHEIM PALACE WHERE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH HAVE THEIR APARTMENTS.



THE FAMOUS ROSE GARDEN AT BLENHEIM.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S BLENHEIMS.

Every 2nd of August the Queen is presented by one of her nobles with a small flag emblazoned with three fleur-de-lis. The presentee is the Duke of Marlborough, who thus annually recalls the fact of



FLOSSIE, HER MOTHER, AND HER SISTER.

Queen Anne's regal gift of Blenheim to his great ancestor. That noble gift, of stately mansion and sylvan manor, his Grace of to-day holds largely as if in commission for the nation who gave it, for twice a week during the long summer months Blenheim Park and Palace are open to all. It is a privilege thousands avail themselves of every season, and are doubtless all the better for it historically. That "famous victory" which so muddled the head of poor Southey's Kaspar is naturally in evidence here. The entrance to the park is through a Triumphal Arch, which bears above its keystone on the outer side a stately Latin inscription, kindly repeated in English on the inward side for the joy of those who have "small Latin and less Greek." And this inscription points a metaphorical finger towards the lofty pillar which towers above the trees to the right of the carriage-way. That is the "Column of Victory," inscribed around the four sides of its base with the story of Marlborough's valiant deeds. The trees near by, too, were planted to represent the positions assumed by the Duke's troops on the battlefield of Blenheim, but, unfortunately, only the spirits of the upper air have the necessary altitude to define just what those positions were.

In the private gardens, too, as well as the more public grounds, the visitor cannot—if he ungratefully would—forget the victory of Blenheim. Close to the shores of the smaller lake, embosomed in trees, stands the unique fountain which the Spanish Ambassador at the Papal Court presented to the Duke. It was the last work designed by Bernini, is a copy of the same sculptor's

and Spanish. Oh for the pundit who rendered such useful service on the inner tablet of the Triumphal Arch!

Blenheim's gardens are its glory. About midway between Bernini's fountain and the Palace is the circular Rosary, which is probably the largest of its kind to be found anywhere. Four paths lead to the centre from the four points of the compass, and at that centre is an exquisite white marble fountain encircled by a fish-pond. The air is laden with



SOME NOTED SIRES.

the odour of thousands of roses: a gigantic outdoor *pot-pourri*, whereof the bowl is an arched wall of flowers and trees. Then there are the wonderful Italian Gardens, with their gorgeous beds and their closely

shaven, broad grass margins, spread out before the eye in a dazzling pattern of loveliness. For background, there is the east front of the Palace, which gains immensely in beauty by the presence of this richly coloured foreground.

The ingenuity and perseverance of the fancier is highly exemplified in the breeding of Blenheim Spaniels as seen at the shows to-day. Practically noseless, with enormous eyes that are always weeping, lolling tongue which the mouth can scarcely contain, and dwarfed limbs, they compare strangely with the graceful, active dogs from which they are descended, and which are still reared in their original home at Blenheim Palace.

The first Duke of Marlborough, founder of the family greatness, was an ardent lover of the little spaniel now known all the world over as the Blenheim, the name having, it is presumed, associated itself from the Palace to the dogs.

An old work on dogs, referring to the Blenheims of the end of the last century, says: "The smallest spaniels passing under the denomination of Cockers is that peculiar breed in the possession and preservation of the Dukes of Marlborough; these are invariably red and white, with long ears, short noses, and black eyes; they are excellent and indefatigable, being in great estimation with sportsmen who can become possessed of the breed." This description would read somewhat curiously of the Blenheim Spaniel as exhibited now, but it still holds true of the dogs



FOUNTAIN PRESENTED TO THE FIRST DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH BY THE SPANISH AMBASSADOR.

Photo by H. C. Shelley.



THE DUCHESS'S PET SPANIEL, FLOSSIE.



AN EARLY BLENHEIM SPANIEL (1803).

fountain in Rome, has for its base a pile of porous stones heaped carelessly together, disports a strange collection of symbolical animals as ornaments, and on the four sides of the surmounting obelisk bears an inscription aggravatingly repeated in Greek, Latin, Italian,

reared to-day at Blenheim Palace, for the Duke of Marlborough's spaniels have not been transmogrified to suit the caprices of fancy, and retain all their old characteristics, and still when chance offers are keen on game in general, and rabbits in particular.

Excellent proof of the relationship of his Grace's breed of to-day and of those of his ancestors of over a hundred years ago is found in several oil-paintings at Blenheim. By the kindness of his Grace, I am able to reproduce a photograph of a painting, dated 1803, by J. T. Sartorius.

the work of gathering these together for the purpose of these illustrations occupied a whole day's cycling and innumerable written notices.

Needless to say that all these dogs are great pets with those who have charge of them, their perfect condition and sprightly actions



SOME OF THE DAMS.

This picture, which, by the way, is one of a pair, may be accepted as a truthful representation of the Blenheim of that date, and, if corroborative evidence were necessary, it can be found in the celebrated picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, depicting the third Duke of Marlborough with the Duchess and their family and three dogs. Two of these dogs are Blenheims, the third dog being an Italian Greyhound. Sir Joshua's Blenheims agree in character, size, and general detail with the picture by Sartorius, and these are unquestionably true Blenheims.

The breed which for so long has had its home at Blenheim Palace is maintained in all its purity by the present Duke, and the attention

testifying to the care given them. Flossie, who is the special favourite of the Duchess of Marlborough, is one of the handsomest of her breed, and shows the Marlborough Blenheim in its perfection; she is rather smaller than the average, with shortish nose, nice ears and eyes, and a good coat, and is full of vitality and most companionable.

It is recorded that the first Duke of Marlborough presented several of his Blenheims to the then Mikado of Japan, and it curiously happened that the present Duke's private secretary, Mr. H. M. Holdsworth, came across some of the progeny of these when he was recently visiting at a friend's. They had been brought direct from Japan, but resembled their



A GROUP OF DOGS AND THEIR ATTENDANTS.

bestowed on the dogs may be partially surmised from the photographs of the groups of spaniels with their numerous attendants.

The spaniels are placed out all over his Grace's estate in various families, who have the care of so many each, and it may be mentioned that

progenitors in little save colour, being in size, head, and general character much nearer the Japanese Spaniel.

This raises the query for fanciers—Are Japs descended from the original Blenheims?



MISS RUTH DAVENPORT IN "THE DANDY FIFTH," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

THE ALBANY AND ITS LONELY BACHELORS.

IT HAS SHELTERED MACAULAY, BYRON, LYTTON, AND MANY ANOTHER FAMOUS WRITER.

Along Piccadilly thousands of people pass every day, in season and out, yet not one in a hundred bestows even a passing glance upon the famous old Albany Mansion, which, perhaps, has sheltered more distinguished men than any other single building in London. Separated from the street by a square courtyard, there is nothing in the plain brick

Lord Byron, and, later, by Bulwer Lytton. These particular chambers, which lie to the back of the ground-floor, are, like all the others in the same building, as compact and as neatly constructed as the cabins on board ship. They contain, besides a tiny entrance-hall, a small dining-room, unobtrusive servants' quarters, and a sitting-room which, together with that in a companion set of chambers, has the special advantage of being a fine, well-proportioned apartment, the window end being semicircular.

Byron's residence in A2, Albany, marks the turning-point in his career, for it was to that address that Miss Milbanke sent the ominous letter accepting his written offer of marriage, after having refused him when he proposed personally. "Albany, March 28, 1818." Under this heading the great poet wrote: "This night got into my new apartments, rented of Lord Althorp on a lease of seven years. Spacious, and room for my books and sabres. In the house, too, another advantage." He seems to have begun his residence there in excellent spirits, for he goes on to write: "Yesterday paid Scrope £4800. a debt of some standing. My mind is much relieved by the removal of that debit."

The cause of the change in the proprietorship was, he tells Moore, the approaching marriage of Lord Althorp. Little did the poet then realise that a similar cause would necessitate his own fitting in a few months, and alter the whole tenor of his life! His athletics, his abstemious dietary, each in the interest of a slim figure, even his eccentric love of surrounding himself by a small menagerie or "Zoo," were foreshadowed at the Albany, if not so consistently pursued as later in life. "I have boxed one hour," he wrote, "written an Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte—copied it, eaten six biscuits, drunk four bottles of soda-water, redde away the rest of my time." Again, on April 20, 1814, "I have bought a macaw and a parrot, and have got up my books, and I box and fence daily, and go out very little." Again, "My mornings are passed in fencing and boxing, and a variety of other most unpoetical exercises, very wholesome."

Miss Milbanke having been, in his own words, "the good-natured person" who had undertaken him in September, he embraced an early opportunity of staying with her family in Durham. In December he returned to his chambers in town to look after his business affairs, which were so embarrassing that in deep depression of spirits he would have gladly postponed the wedding which was then imminent. But that was impracticable. Still depressed, he returned to Seaham, Durham, and the deed was there executed on Jan. 2 of the memorable year 1815. The ill-wed pair lived about a year in another part of Piccadilly, when she left him, and public opinion, which is said to



THE ALBANY.

Photo by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.

structure—not even a row of lozenges, as there well might be—to promise a rich store of memories within of men—like Brougham, Canning, Byron, Lytton, Macaulay, and others less reputable—who have made the history of the nineteenth century, contributed to its literature, and, it must be added, dashed its pages with scandal.

The Albany, as seen from Piccadilly, was built about the middle of the last century from designs by Sir William Chambers, the architect of Somerset House. The first owner was Lord Holland; the next, Lord Melbourne, father of the famous Premier, who christened it Melbourne House. The next turn in the wheel of Fortune brought the mansion into the possession of the Duke of York and Albany, whose negotiations led directly to the unfortunate marriage of the Prince of Wales with Caroline of Brunswick. As he attached his first name to York House, still existing in Whitehall, so his Piccadilly residence became Albany. And a fine residence it made, with its long garden in the rear running parallel with the grounds of Old Burlington House. But at the beginning of this century the property was converted to quite a novel purpose. The original mansion, together with the two rows of buildings with a covered way between, just erected along the old garden, were adapted to the requirements of bachelors desirous each of setting up his own tiny *ménage*. Then it was that the Albany became a sort of "luxurious college in the West End, where bachelors could live in the very heart of the social life of London, but so arranged that, if studiously inclined, they could at once sport their oak." Probably Macaulay, who at the Albany wrote nearly the whole of his History of England, best realised to the full this latter advantage.

One of the earliest residents was Brougham, who, besides being a brilliant statesman, will always be remembered as the advocate of Princess (afterwards Queen) Charlotte, whom he so gallantly and successfully defended against the aspersions cast upon her by her profligate husband. Another was George Canning, the statesman who, in spite of the disadvantages of his birth—his father died in poverty, and his mother soon after married a disreputable actor—nevertheless rose to be Prime Minister.

But it was reserved to Lord Althorp, who, according to Macaulay, did more service to the Reform Bill, even as a debater, than all the other Ministers (with one exception) put together, to be the early proprietor of the most famous of Albany chambers, No. A2, where he was succeeded by



THE LONG COVERED PASSAGE IN THE ALBANY.

Photo by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.

wake up once in seven years, hounded him forth in less than four months into that exile from which he never returned alive.

The next event in the annals of A2, Albany, is a most unhappy one; for it marks yet more distinctly a crisis in matrimonial affairs—this time of Bulwer Lytton. Here he resided not as a bachelor, but as a grass-widower. Married to a high-spirited Irish girl, Rosina Wheeler, he



BYRON'S ROOM IN THE ALBANY.

Photo by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.

soon wearied of the restraints of domestic life, and retired to the Albany, leaving his wife on the outskirts of London. There are several versions of the final crisis; but, though it differs from the others in certain details, the best is that by Sir William Fraser, the venerable bachelor who has just died at the Albany, and who had a brilliant reputation as a raconteur. "After his marriage," says Sir William, "Lord Lytton continued to use these chambers as his literary sanctum; his family house at the time being at or near Teddington. He used to write from his chambers frequent letters to his wife, and evidently overdid the sentiment, thereby raising suspicions. In one of his epistles he said, 'Here I pass my time in incessant labour; my thoughts are ever with you; my only companion solitude!' Lady Lytton, no doubt, considered that there was more than human fidelity in these repeated assurances, and, according to her own account, she obtained surreptitious admission to this classic apartment. She added, 'I found that my wretched husband's statement was partly true: the monster's only companion was Solitude, but "Solitude" was dressed in white muslin and was sitting upon his knee!'"

Full of rage, Mrs. Bulwer there and then denounced her husband in good round terms for the hypocrite he was. In a few days she received from him a demand for a judicial separation on the most monstrous terms. Unfortunately, she consented, and her temper was effectually soured for the rest of her long life.

What material there is here for ghosts of both Byron and Lady Lytton if only the present occupier would choose to raise them!

The more recent claim of these chambers to fame has been in the realm of histrionics. The late Sir Augustus Harris introduced on the stage, in connection with "The Profligate," the apartment represented in the accompanying picture. And at the St. James's Theatre Mr. George Alexander has produced a play in which in one of the acts the Albany has also figured.

AUTUMN ON EXMOOR.

Next came the moorland,
The moorland, the moorland;
Next came the moorland,
It stretched for many a mile.

To the lovers of the chase how many pleasant memories are evoked by the recollection of an autumn on Exmoor! The gallops over the heather, the long runs through brake and woodland, over hill and dale, with the hounds well in front, and the Master's horn ringing clear.

But the whole of the enjoyment does not consist in the running, however good the pace and willing the steed. The early ride to the meet through the green, dewy lanes, the pleasant gathering on some moorland height, the greeting of old friends, the stirring associations of

the scene, the long waits by the covert side, varied now and again by a passing moorland shower; the listening and the expectation, the welcome notes of the huntsman's horn heard from afar in some valley below, these are all things to remember.

The opening day of the hunt is the great event of the season. It usually takes place in the second week in August, and Cloutsham Ball is the place selected. The pack of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds are kennelled at the farm close by. To judge by the numbers collected on the Ball of recent years, the pursuit does not seem to stale with custom. Each succeeding year sees larger fields. Perhaps the lovely scenery of the West Country may have something to do with the attraction of so large a gathering.

There is nothing finer on Exmoor than the view to be obtained from this eminence—the purple hills rising around in solemn grandeur, the deep, dark combs cushioned with oak-woods, with some moorland stream winding among the rocks beneath, the green vale of Porlock stretching away to the shores of the Severn Sea, and the cliffs of Wales gleaming white in the distance. But the popularity of the hunt does not depend on scenery or tradition. A pack of hounds second to none in Europe, a popular and efficient Master, a hunting-ground that taxes the skill and courage of the best horsemen and the endurance of their steeds, and a quarry that will show the finest sport in the world—these are the elements that are yearly swelling the August fields.

The proverbial hospitality of the West Country is extended to all-comers. There is room on these wide moors for all, a welcome for all, a helping hand in difficulty, and a timely word of warning and advice if needed. The stranger soon finds himself at home, and, provided he represses the very natural desire to "tally" every deer that breaks cover, he will find himself welcome.

The principal centres for hunting are Minehead and Porlock, on the north; these are within easy reach of Cloutsham and Hawkcombe Head. Exford is the site of the kennels, and the centre of the moor. Dulverton, on the south, commands the Haddon covers and the fastnesses along the shores of the Exe and the Barle.

There is good accommodation at all these places for man and beast, and large stables of hunters are kept for hire. The prices vary from one



BYRON'S HOUSE: 139, PICCADILLY.

Photo by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.

to two guineas a-day, but horses can be hired by the week at a moderate price. To those who do not desire to rent a moor in Scotland during the autumn months, and seek to enjoy some good sport at comparatively small cost, the breezy moors of the West Country, where the wild red-deer roams free amid his native haunts, undoubtedly offer many attractions.

THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT AT WELLINGBOROUGH.

From Photographs by Brightwell, Wellingborough.



THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT AT WELLINGBOROUGH. WHERE SIX PERSONS WERE KILLED AND THIRTY INJURED.



THE WRECKAGE ON THE LINE.



MISS RUTH DAVENPORT IN "THE DANDY FIFTH," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

MY ONLY ADVENTURE.

BY B. M. CROKER.

No doubt there are some people who actually enjoy strange experiences, or anything that is startling or different from the jog-trot monotony of their everyday routine. I may say at once that I am not one of these. My nearest approach to an incident was having my life endangered by a drunken cabman in the Bayswater Road, but on that occasion my shrieks and gesticulations attracted attention, and he drew up at last, whereupon I instantly got out and walked away. Regarding what I may call "my only adventure," this proceeding was unfortunately impracticable. It proved, as will be seen, a disastrous affair for me, and I am now writing a short and truthful statement, in order to clear myself from the scandalous imputations to which it has given rise.

My husband, Mr. Thomas Moggins, is a member of a well-known firm in Mincing Lane. We have no family, and have lived for years at a pleasant watering-place upon the South Coast. Thomas has not been an active member of Podd and Plants for a considerable time, but he generally goes up to business once or twice a week. His heart is in Podd and Plants of a different description—he is devoted to his garden, where he works away as hard as any labourer for hours, although we keep a Scotchman who has the gate-lodge and sixty pounds a-year, not to speak of coal and vegetables.

Our house is a fine detached residence, standing in close upon two acres of ground, and is called The Manor, and I may say, without boasting, that no one in our circle gives a better dinner, or is more generally respected and looked up to than *we* are. My husband is one of the churchwardens at St. Peter's. I am chairwoman of the "Society for Providing Old Women with Old Clothes," and secretary to the "Young Women's Sunday Out Association."

Now I am really coming to my adventure, which occurred last summer. I had been up in London for a day's shopping (July "Sales"), and was returning by a well-known fast train, but discovered, when I got to the station, that it was on the point of starting. As I hurried along the platform, I caught sight of some people from my own neighbourhood, Mrs. Uppingham and her sister. I noticed that they looked remarkably smart—beflowered hats, white veils, white gloves; probably they were coming from Sandown Races! I did not get into their carriage, for Mrs. Uppingham is a nobody who has recently come to my road—a dreadfully pushing person, feverishly anxious to be visited by "the residents." But I am rather fastidious; I did not like her looks, and I have not called.

I am a little stout, and I hate to be fussed. I hate being hustled along by the guard, saying, "Now, ma'am, look sharp, please—look sharp!" On the present occasion, before I knew where I was, I found myself pushed head-foremost into a first-class carriage, and instantly the train began to move.

It took me a considerable time to recover my breath and my composure, put aside my bag and parasol, pull down my veil, and rearrange all my little parcels. I was aware that I had a fellow-passenger, a man who sat at the far corner, but all that I could discern was a pair of grey trousers and a pair of tan gloves holding the evening paper. I did not give him a second thought; I was most devoutly thankful that I had not scrambled into the next carriage by mistake; it might have led to an acquaintance with that odious Mrs. Uppingham and her sister—they had a young man with them, too. Mrs. Uppingham gives out that she is the wife of an officer who is quartered in Hong-Kong (but I say, Jericho); she has taken a little house and done it up prettily (they tell me) with art draperies, Indian rugs, curios, and cheap furniture; she keeps two servants, and, I did hear, buys New Zealand mutton and American beef. Mrs. Herring, our Rector's wife, asked me to meet her at tea and introduced her to me; but I did not take to her, nor bow when I met her next day in the Library—to me, she looks suspiciously like an adventuress. If she is so poor, why is she always so very smartly dressed? For my part, I don't believe that she (as she declares) makes all her own gowns. I know she has always a pack of men to tea on Sundays, and some people think the sister pretty!

At this moment I happened to glance towards my companion. I found him staring at me over the edge of his paper as if I had seven heads. I am accustomed to being stared at, having (though I say it as should not) a more than fair allowance of good looks; but there was no admiration in this man's black eyes. They expressed a mixture of amazement and incredulity. For two or three seconds we continued to survey one another in frozen silence, and then I turned my head pointedly away and gazed out of the window.

We were now travelling at a high rate of speed. The fields, trees, hedges, seemed to be racing past. The pace was about forty-five miles an hour. Suddenly I was aware of a slight movement in the carriage, and received a distinct shock when I turned my head and discovered that the man had changed his seat and was now sitting exactly opposite to me. He had every right to leave his place, but he had no right to sit there devouring me with his great black eyes. I did not like it. I flatter myself that I am renowned for my "look." I have found it most effective on several occasions, so I drew myself up and gave him its full effect.

He was apparently about thirty-eight years of age, clean-shaven and sallow, and gave me the impression of one who had suffered in health or mind; his face was haggard, his hair was touched with grey, otherwise he was rather good-looking. He was dressed in a dark tweed suit, and wore a red necktie, a gold locket, and brown boots.

I had slowly surveyed him from the crown of his cap to the soles of his boots with deliberate inspection, and was about to survey him as carefully from the soles of his boots to the crown of his cap, when suddenly he leant forward and spoke to me. To me, he, an utter stranger, who had never been introduced to me! And this is what he said, in strange, husky voice—

"Mary"—as it happens, my name is Sarah Hannah—"how could you?"

"Sir?" I screamed at him.

"How could you find it in your heart to do it? Now, what is the use of pretending, when you know as well as I do that I am your husband?"

As I sat gasping, and for the moment unable to articulate, he proceeded to upbraid me most bitterly.

"How could you bring yourself to desert me and your three poor unfortunate little children and run away with that scoundrel?"

At last I found my breath and answered—

"You are making a most extraordinary mistake, sir. I never saw you before in all my life."

"Never saw me!" he repeated in a loud, angry voice. "You and I, that were man and wife for five years!"

"Never!" I answered. "You must be out of your senses. You are mad."

"No, but perfectly sane, though what I have suffered was enough to turn any brain." Look at my grey hairs," removing his cap; "all owing to you, Mary."

"I never saw you before—never!"

"Oh, what is the use of this sort of thing?" he asked impatiently. "You know you were always a born actress. You recollect your successes before we were married; it was always easier for you to be another person than yourself."

"I've never been inside a theatre, and never acted since I was born."

"If it was not too serious a moment, I would say that in all your life you had never acted as you are acting now; you have surpassed yourself! And you know how proud I was of you, and the hit you made in 'The Pink Petticoat.' And as to your dancing, Jackson declared that in that Grasshopper pas, you could not be equalled at the Empire itself."

Grasshopper pas—Empire! If our dear Rector could but hear my name coupled with such abominations!

I rose, snatched up my bag and parasol, and hurriedly seated myself at the far end of the carriage, merely presenting my back to his gaze. But, utterly undaunted, he immediately placed himself beside me, and actually endeavoured to insinuate his arm round my waist. I screamed, and beat him off with my parasol; and then he seized my hand, and held it in a vice-like grasp, and said—

"Mary, darling, why do you go on like this—as if you did not know me? Don't you remember the balls at Covent Garden, and the jolly suppers, and our dear little house in Avenue Road, and how proud I was to be pointed out as the husband of Polly Cantrippe? Think of our three fair-haired children! Oh, how could you have it in your heart to desert poor little Esmeralda—only an infant in arms? She is now four years old, and the image of you. It's a terrible thing to have a handsome wife!"

"Let go my hand!" I cried out hysterically.

"To have a handsome wife," he repeated, "who has been on the boards and has thousands of admirers—a terrible thing, for a man to have to be in the City and forced to leave her alone all day! It was partly my own fault, and I've never divorced you!"

I now made a desperate but futile attempt to tear away my hand. He still held it tightly, talking all the time in a loud, resolute voice.

"A pretty woman has so many temptations." Here, at last, I wrenched myself free, and looked about for the cord of communication.

"No need to call the guard, Mary," he said. "Your own husband is sufficient protection."

"But you are not my husband," I shouted, "and I will call the guard if I can!"

"Sit down!" he said fiercely. "No more of this acting; and listen to me quietly."

Awed by his look, I sank back into a seat. My mental sufferings were sufficiently acute, but I did not wish to enrage him to the point of murder.

"I've never taken any steps to divorce you," he continued—continued to me, Mrs. Moggins of The Manor; "for you are my wife in the sight of Heaven, and you know that I adored you and that I married you honourably, in spite of that ugly story about young Lovelace. I always thought there was no one like you, no one so saucy, so handsome, so smart. My own opinion has always been that you were inveigled away against your better self, that you are heartily sick of the brute—I'm told that he drinks and that he beats you! I've searched for you high and low, I've even advertised for you, and meanwhile I've always kept your place open. I've told our friends (and some believe me) that the

acting fever had got into your blood, you could not keep off the boards, and had accepted a splendid engagement in America; but that you were coming back soon, for certain. Think of the children——"

"I've no children!" I burst out indignantly.

"They are taught to expect your return," he continued, as if he had not heard me. "Pollie is like you—she was seven on Thursday; Billy takes after me, they say; and as for Esmeralda, you shall judge for yourself. All I can say is that I forgive everything. Mary, come home."

As he spoke he looked most terribly in earnest, poor man; his voice shook, his face was ashen; great beads of perspiration stood upon his forehead. I declare I felt almost sorry for him.

"I regret, sir," I said, "that you have made a complete stranger so conversant with your private affairs. My husband is a tea-broker; I have no family. I have never been, and never will be, inside a theatre in my life; much less have I acted or danced."

"Oh, Mary, why do you torture me like this?" he exclaimed. "Are you so happy with him—a married man? How can you consent to live in sin?"

"Silence, sir!" I shrieked, nearly beside myself.

"I will not be silent," he stormed. "Had ever any woman so forgiving a husband? But then I love you—I love you!"; and here the miserable wretch actually burst into tears, and went suddenly down, and grovelled at my knees, hiding his head and his heartrending sobs in my gown. I was certain his loud voice, lamentations, and arguments must have been heard by the Uppinghams. What would they think?

"I am really sorry for you, sir," I said, drawing away my skirt. "How can I induce you to believe that I am not your abandoned wife? See, here is my handkerchief and my initials, 'S. H. M.'—Sarah Hannah Moggins."

"What are initials?" he scoffed. "You can change them as easily as you have changed your voice and the colour of your hair. I see you've dyed it the new red, but, all the same, my heart recognises my own Polly! Now that I've found you, I swear I shall never let you go; the children are always asking when mother will be home. They don't know the truth—God forgive me for the lies I have told them!"

I shook my head impatiently, for it was useless to attempt to speak.

"How can you be so false," he cried, "so hard-hearted? Look at yourself as you were," and he suddenly opened a locket and jerked it at me.

The painted photograph which I was thus compelled to examine was that of a pretty woman, who certainly did resemble me; there I saw my eyes, my nose, my mouth.

"It was like you, the image of you, before you grew fat—you always had a dread of growing fat. These three years have aged you terribly; you look every day of forty; you know you always had a horror of being elderly."

"I have a great horror of being taken for another woman!" I protested furiously.

"Mary," he said, suddenly turning on me and speaking in great excitement, "after having treated me so cruelly, I wonder how you can be so callous. I declare you are more like some stony-hearted monster than a woman of flesh and blood!"—surveying me with a pair of angry eyes. "However, you shall not escape me. For the children's sake, I shall take you home; I know best what is for your good and theirs, and nothing you can say or do shall move me. You remember my will of old."

Here the train began to slacken, and I suddenly let down the window.

"What are you about?" he demanded sharply.

I opened the door ere he discerned my purpose, precipitated myself upon the platform, and called for the station-master.

A burly official with a weather-beaten face came hurrying up.

"Oh, station-master," I cried, "I throw myself on your protection! 'This person'—pointing to my companion, who had hastily alighted—"has annoyed me the whole way from London; he has mistaken me for someone else, and persecuted me most cruelly. Find me another carriage, and lock me in."

"She is my wife!" roared the stranger. "I can swear to her. She ran away with a French jockey three years ago, and left her home and children. I've hunted for her everywhere, and, by good luck, she got into the same carriage with me at Victoria. I claim her, do you hear?"

"He is insane!" I shrieked. "I never saw him before!"

I now noticed Mrs. Uppingham, her sister, and the young man, all staring out of the window, watching the scene with every symptom of the liveliest interest. Indeed, every open window in the train was full of heads. The porters, the cabmen, the very newsboys, had gathered together and made a ring round us.

"She says I'm a stranger," continued the man in his loud, strident voice, that was audible even above the hissing of the engine; "but don't mind her; she's been an actress. I took her off the boards; acting is her second nature. I'm willing to take her home, and give her another chance! Now, Mary, you come along with me," and he laid his hand upon my arm.

"Station-master," I said, "here is my card. I claim your protection; you and the company are responsible for me to my lawful husband."

Then, as he smiled and shook his head, I appealed in my desperation to Mrs. Uppingham.

"That lady lives close to me—she knows who I am! Don't you?" I besought of her with outstretched hand.

But the detestable woman merely raised her eyebrows and shook her head, and I could actually hear the girl choking with laughter.

"Do you know her, ma'am?" demanded the official.

"No, thank goodness!" she answered with great scorn.

Meanwhile we—that is to say, the stranger and I—were detaining the whole train, and the station-master suddenly said—

"Take your hand off the lady, sir! And you, missus, get into the carriage, and I'll keep the gentleman until the next train. I'm going beyond my rights, but there's no other plan, as I can see. I'll wire to the police, and inquire about you," he added, as he took my card.

I did not wait to hear another word, but made a dash for my compartment, and scrambled in, just as the train began to creak and move, still closely pursued by the stranger; and the last glimpse I caught of him, he was struggling like a madman, up and down the platform, in the arms of four porters. I have never seen him since.

This terrible experience has naturally made me extremely nervous. I never now travel alone. I feel a misgiving respecting every figure ensconced behind a newspaper, and the first sight of a man with a fallow face and a red tie gives me a sort of chill.

I related the whole story to Thomas when I had recovered from the shock and had eaten my dinner, and he was immensely amused. So like a husband!

Mrs. Uppingham has evidently imparted her version of the occurrence to the neighbourhood. I called upon her to explain, but she was not at home (though I saw her in the window), and has never returned my visit—no, not even through the post. I am sorry to say that some of my acquaintances have evidently listened to her lies. A friend of mine was solemnly assured that I had been a burlesque dancer and a divorcée. Several nice people have dropped me; no explanations, no matter how ample, appear to avail me, and I believe that it will take years and years—if not my whole lifetime—to live down my only adventure.

IN A HANSOM.

Are you tired, or sad, or dreary?

Are you feeling rather eerie?

Then you ought to hail a hansom from the rank.

You will promptly jump inside it,

Asking Mercury to guide it

To a Nowhere (that is far beyond the Bank).

Soon, you're spinning, quickly spinning,

With a sense of loss or winning,

And a passing panorama in your brain,

Which sets all your pulses throbbing,

While the horse's head a-bobbing

Answers mutely to the telegraphic rein.

Never was there such a drama

As this flitting panorama,

Where the pavements vanish quickly out of view,

Where the 'buses pause and linger

At the dictatorial finger

Of the democratic Emperor in Blue

Set me spinning, set me spinning,

Set me outing, set me in-ing,

Mid the 'buses and the "growlers" and the drays.

Let me dodge the grim four-wheeler,

Interrupted by the "peeler"

Who stands sentry at the crossing of the ways.

Let me skim the silent river

Where the lamplight shadows quiver,

And the plane-trees stir them gently in the wind;

'Mid the billing and the cooing

Of the lovers who are wooing

On the benches that you quickly leave behind.

Set me spinning, madly spinning,

'Mid a traffic that is dinning—

'Tis a race that never possibly is done;

And your outlook that is tragic

Slips away as if by magic,

Like the snow that melts so quickly in the sun.

J. M. B.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**



(1) THE CHALLENGE. (2) THE FIGHT. (3) IRRITATION. (4) RAGE. (5) WOUNDED DIGNITY SATISFIED. (6) PEACE.

A TOWN ON THE VELDT.

Rome was not built in a day, yet a great deal can be done within twenty-four hours. Take, for instance, a South African "up country" township. You walk down the main street on Monday, say, and notice



WHAT UMTALI LOOKS LIKE FROM HOSPITAL KOPJE.

Photo by C. K. Spencer, Umtali.

grass-grown gaps between the tenanted stands. If you pass that way on Wednesday, you will not find so many spaces, but your eyes will alight on several unfamiliar galvanised structures. So with Umtali. A few months ago the houses on the present site could be counted on the fingers; now there are more than two hundred. A year ago the township occupied a site nine miles away. The new town is three times the size already, notwithstanding the difficulties attendant upon removal.

As can be seen by the accompanying general view, Umtali is very prettily situated in the heart of a nest of hills, of which there is scarce an inch that is not already pegged out by gold-seeking prospectors. The railway dépôt, which covers nearly as large an area as the township itself, is not, unfortunately, included in the photograph, though a view of the site, then a pretty, natural spot, almost innocent of human dwellings, appeared in *The Sketch* some while since, with a snapshot of the first train that reached Rhodesia from her Portuguese border. These Mashonaland towns are not composed of mud huts and semi-nude natives. Far from it! Progress has razed the former and clothed the latter. Where there is clay to be found an Englishman will make bricks, and, even if he has no straw, the tall, tough grass of the veldt is a passable substitute. So Umtali has its brickfields, and results of that industry can be seen in the substantially built hotels, stores, offices, and private dwellings that line the streets. And very cosy these single-storeyed cottage-bungalows can be made, too, with their mat-hung stoops or verandahs, cool and spacious. No less than four hotels sport an upper storey, which, with their glittering cupolas, render them

conspicuous to the newly arrived, dust-stained stranger. And Umtali now boasts a commodious hospital, a town-hall, and a club-house, while sporting, dramatic, cricket, football, tennis, cycling, and chess clubs cater for its amusement. It has also a literary society, and from ten to a dozen billiard-tables. The park, too, is showing good return for the labour bestowed upon it. There you can see English roses in bloom—pleasant sight if you are long from home. Of course, it cannot boast the soft, springy turf of the Old Country demesnes, yet you do not meet glaring requests at every turn to "keep off the grass." In the park are some wild and picturesque corners, and the stream running through it has at one point been made to fall in a miniature cascade.

A racecourse has been formed, and sporting meetings and gymkhanas are held frequently. The horses come up to the post in a cloud of dust, it is true; but that is a mere detail, and the most particular stickler for these minor matters has no cause to complain of the absence of the inevitable dog, for he is there in his hundreds. The Caledonian Society hold occasional sports, too, at which the piper never fails to put in an appearance, his old-world garb contrasting strangely with the costume of the typical colonist.

Occasionally the town is enlivened by the flying visit of a dramatic or operatic company, and even a circus, this being the half-way halt between Beira and Salisbury. Altogether, what with clubs and associations and other provisions for the recreation of mind and body, the young man about town need have no fear of ennui. Indeed, he has, as a rule, a much more lively time than his brother in "suburban diggings" at home.

Having progressed so far, this town on the veldt is not resting on its oars. A handsome church is in course of erection, and a few weeks



SALISBURY v. UMTALI.

Photo by C. K. Spencer, Umtali.

will see the inauguration of a house-to-house telephonic communication. And it scarcely needs a prophet to foresee in the near future an installation of electric light in place of the gloomy oil-lamps that now but serve to make the darkness visible in the worst corners of the streets.

And now for the future of this healthy youngster. It has no manufacturing, and few agricultural interests. So far, it has had its birth, and grown fat upon the hopes of investors, backed up by their capital. A time comes, however, when the money-advancing public ties up its bags, and awaits its golden recompense. It has sent forth its money upon a quest, and abides a reply. One may hope that this district will be able to force from its miles of pegged-out claims a substantial proof of its worth; that it will not only show its mettle, but its metal.—J. HERBERT HARDY.



THE HOSPITAL AT UMTALI.

Photo by C. K. Spencer, Umtali.

Mr. Andrew Tuer has culled, for a profusely illustrated volume about to appear at a popular price from the Leadenhall Press, a selection of most amusing extracts, with cuts re-engraved in facsimile, to be found in the books for children in favour in the early years of the century. To the present generation, these "Pages and Pictures from Forgotten Children's Books" should prove an interesting revelation.

THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

Miss Lucie Milner, one of the latest and certainly the prettiest of stage recruits, is now playing Mary Melrose in "Our Boys," at Terry's Theatre, having previously created the part of Ethel Fawcett in "A Vicar's Dilemma." Miss Milner is the daughter of Colonel Melrose,



MISS LUCIE MILNER.

Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

late of the Royal Irish Regiment, and was born at Sandhurst, in Hants, but went to school near Oxford, and was "finished" in Germany. She first studied for the stage in 1895, and played many parts under the guidance of Miss Sarah Thorne, as well as working under Mrs. John Billington; but her principal rôles at the famous Margate Theatre were Emily in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," François in "Richelieu," Sally in "Whitebait at Greenwich," and Bessie Merrybright in "The Unknown," and her first professional engagement was to play Susan in "The New Boy," and Celia in "Hal the Highwayman." Since then she has played Sybil Hardwicke in "The Bookmaker," Ethel in

"The Son of a Sinner," and Celia in "As You Like It," and she had a season at Brighton with Mr. David James in a round of Robertson comedies. In February 1897 she joined Mr. and Mrs. Kendal's company for ingénues only, leaving them to enter upon her present engagement under Mr. Thorne. Miss Milner has also had a successful experience in musical comedy, having taken her sister's part of Molly Seamore in "The Geisha" almost at a moment's notice.

Something more than a suburban success was the desert of a play so powerfully conceived, so adroitly constructed, and so brilliantly acted as the picturesque and tragic "Teresa," with which Mr. George Bancroft surprised us at the Métropole a few months ago, and it is pleasant to find the wider publicity of a West-End house afforded to such a promising effort. I have no wish to overrate the merits of the piece, which is frankly a series of emotional situations logically elaborated according to correct Sardou methods. Roughly speaking, this drama of incident might be defined as "Fédora" transposed. In this case it is the hero who is the avenger of blood, while the victim is his brother, ignorantly slain by his sweetheart to preserve her honour. Hence her terrible dilemma at discovering the truth when the corpse is brought on with all the dread ceremonial of the Misericordia brethren, and her English lover swears to bring the murderer to justice; hence the Italian girl's agony before the threats of an odious suitor, who knows of both her own innocent crime and her father's association with the revolutionary patriots, and offers her the alternative of exposure or marriage. True, when once informed, her beloved Valentine, after a moment of repulsion, abandons his avenging rôle, and strives by passionate caresses to bridge the gulf of blood which Teresa sees yawning between them. But there can be no solution of the problem for her save by her own death. And so the dagger, worn in her hair as her lover's present, and already dyed with the blood of one victim, finds its last resting-place in Teresa's heart. A sombre play, you perceive, but one in which a tragic theme, turning on the primary emotions, is worked out with single-minded simplicity and a certain dramatic inevitability. The Italian atmosphere of storm and sunshine, and no less the passionate Italian nature, is cleverly realised; the dialogue, once redundant, is now appropriate, poignant, and agreeably lacking in fustian; and, finally, the emotional appeal is direct and convincing. To a large extent this last is due to the splendid interpretation of the heroine by Miss Violet Vanbrugh, an actress whose fine breadth of style, grand stage-presence, and overpowering rush of passion seem to promise in her the long-expected tragedienne of the English stage. Her death scene, so quiet and yet so thrilling, is worthy of Sarah Bernhardt herself. Of course, the manly ease and tender refinement of Mr. Bourchier's Valentine was also of great assistance to the interpretation, while Mr. Allan Aynesworth's rather boisterous but subtle study of the cynical rake, and Mr. Laurence Irving's lurid and Italianate portrait of the villainous Count, had no little to do with an admirable *ensemble*. But it is Miss Vanbrugh whom everyone should hasten to see. In these days of stipple and under-acting, her Teresa is little short of a revelation.

The new Carl Rosa Company, under the management of Dr. Osmond Carr, has opened at Belfast in "Faust," and the crowded audiences have led people to believe that the popular impresario has inaugurated a new era of success. Dr. Carr's chances are of the very best. He has a splendid institution, the Lyric Stage Academy, in Chandos Street, where the rising generation of singers and actors receives the best possible training. The presence of Mrs. Charles Mapleson on the teaching staff is sufficient to guarantee that the best traditions of Italian Opera will be preserved, and, while the reorganisation proceeds, Mrs. Mapleson is arranging the ballets, which are meeting with a large measure of appreciation. Mr. Carr is weeding out all the incapables in the company, and can safely rely on his Academy for recruits. Notice has gone up that all members of the chorus are to come in turn and sing a song to him, and all members of the orchestra are to play a solo. This drastic order has created no little outcry; but under the latest arrangements there is no reason to doubt that the Carl Rosa Company will again become a power in the land.

"Mistress of the Seas" is the title of a novel and, I presume, patriotic drama that Mr. John Douglass, of tank-drama renown, is preparing for production. In "A Dark Secret" and "No Man's Land," for instance, Mr. Douglass has done wonders, and his wife and daughter, Misses Amy Steinberg and Ida Millais (the latter now married to Mr. Henry Herne), have frequently appeared in both those plays.

Connoisseurs of the art of acting say that Miss Geraldine Olliffe has the qualities of a great actress, and that she wants only opportunity to be hailed as a wonderful discovery by the people who plume themselves on the belated discernment which is called "Cherchiant midi à quatorze heures." Her appearance is arresting. More than common tall, of a fine figure, and moving with swift directness, she challenges and impresses. In the intense emotional parts, in which she excels, Miss Olliffe seems but the vehicle and channel of pure feeling. Her brown eyes glow with a sombre fire which of a sudden leaps into blinding flame; her gestures are the accents of passion, her face recalls the Phèdre of Racine. With her the stage is a true vocation. Conviction, energy, and perseverance have won her a position among the young actresses of the new generation. After a hard novitiate, she was engaged to play Paula Tanqueray, Dulcie Derondie ("The Masqueraders"), Mrs. Erlynne ("Lady Windermere's Fan"), and other leading characters



MISS GERALDINE OLLIFFE.

Photo by Speaight, Regent Street, W.

of modern drama, in the chief provincial cities, and did so well that she was persuaded to visit Australia, where her success was immediate and permanent. Her performances in "The Rogue's Comedy," "The Two Little Vagabonds," and "How London Lives" are fresh in our memories. Miss Olliffe should play M. lady in "The Three Musketeers," and, in the fulness of time, Lady Macbeth.

BRITISH SUBJECTS WHO STILL LIVE IN LAKE-HOUSES.

It is significant of the enormous extent of our Empire that some of the subjects of Victoria Regina still cling to the lake-dwellings which sheltered our fathers in England in prehistoric times. Tradition and history alike tell of an existence of lake-dwellings two thousand years ago. The earliest mention is probably by Herodotus. He, in his account of the Persian invasion of Thrace under Darius, B.C. 500, tells us that various

fashion of the old "pfahlbauten" (a pattern which research more and more proves to have been prevalent from East to West in long-past ages). The Intha, like his forefathers, chooses the site for his house with much care, with due regard to sun and shelter from stormy wind. A stony or rocky bottom he avoids, and selects a muddy strata as his basis. Some of the houses are close to the edge, and among the reeds of the lake. Other builders prefer deeper water. A large number of pointed poles are prepared of teak or other hardwood of the district; these poles are from six to eight inches in diameter. Floating these to the spot chosen, they are hammered into the bed of the lake. The women help in this work, and hold the poles in position, standing when the water is deep in the hollowed-out log-boats.

When a sufficient number of the upright piles are in place, sloping ones are added to keep them in position. The tops of the piles are about three feet above the water, and on these logs and planks are laid closely together for the floor, to be, when finished, covered with mats and skins. Stone slabs for fires are laid where required. A platform of sufficient strength is now ready, and logs of varying length are then hammered into position roughly outlining walls and roof. Then the dried stacks of bamboo are brought into use, and closely interwoven into the wonderful wattled or trellis work, to be in turn supplemented with wet clay, thatch of dried grass, and mats of fibre.

One of the pictures shows a finished hut, the other illustrates one in course of construction. One of these simple dwellings can be built in two days. The size and finish depend on the wealth and ability of the owner. The Inthas are a peaceable race, and little molested by any; their houses cost little, and are free from wild animals and snakes. They subsist chiefly on water produce,

and are fishermen by profession, bartering their wares for other necessities of life; they hunt on land, and keep their possessions of sheep and cattle on land also. Their highway is the lake, and the hollowed-out log-boat is still in use (such boats have been found among the old lake relics in both Switzerland and Scotland), but some are of different shape and finer finish.

Their feasts usually take the form of a water-festival, when the lake is covered with boats, and the Inthas, decked in their brightest garb, present a gay spectacle. Japanese umbrellas are a great feature on these occasions. These many-coloured umbrellas are a favourite gift in the Buddhist temples, the shrine of Gautama sometimes being unapproachable by reason of the immense heap of these offerings.

Investigation has proved that in the old "pfahlbauten" the dead were not buried in the lake. Among the interesting remains of implement, animal, fruit, and grain unearthed from the depths, almost no adult human bones have been discovered. The bones of a few children point rather to accidental death than sepulture. Lake-dwellings would suggest (what these tiny relics also prove) danger to the little ones. Herodotus says the Lake Prasians tied the young children with a cord round the foot. We can only hope such a plan is followed by the lake-dwellers of to-day.



A LAKE-DWELLING AMONG THE REEDS: LOG-BOATS IN THE FOREGROUND.

tribes were led captive into Asia, but that the conquering army failed to subdue the dwellers in Lake Prasias. The remains of many such water-villages have recently been discovered in different parts of Switzerland and Italy. Dug up from the mud at the lake-bottoms, various curious implements, household vessels, bones, and building materials, have been unearthed, throwing much light on the dwellings of which they once formed a part, and which are evidently of primeval date. The Swiss called them "pfahlbauten," or pile-dwellings. Probably, in the first instance, rude tents were built on islands as a measure of security, the surrounding water being a formidable barrier against the incursion of foe or attack of beast.

Islands not always being at hand when wanted, or in convenient situation, led in time to pile-built platforms. Any hardwood of the locality could be used. It must have been arduous work to fell and prepare the logs with the rude implements of flint and stone such as the lakes have preserved for us as being the only ones of that period. It is to be hoped that in those primitive days rheumatism, ague, and that later scourge, influenza, were alike unknown, or they might have proved even more formidable than hostile neighbours.

Similar to the "pfahlbauten" but varying in construction were the "crannoges" of Ireland and Scotland. Many an old chieftain even until a few centuries ago fortified himself on his lake-encircled fortress and held the foe at bay. The ancient "crannoge" was more solid than the "pfahlbauten," being a circle of closely laid piles or stockades driven into the bed of the lake and filled in with stones, logs, &c., up to the level of the water—a firm foundation whereon to place the dwelling and much more lasting than the pile-raised platform of the Swiss lakes.

Many have supposed that these lake-dwellings are a thing of the past, but such is not the case. In many parts of Asia they may still be found. In the last quarter of the century much territory has been added to the British Crown, and many interesting particulars have come to us of the inhabitants of the Shan States since the Burmese War added to our possessions in Indo-China. Fort Stedman, in the Shan Highlands, stands amid luxuriant vegetation. It is now an outpost of our army, with native troops under British officers stationed there.

The enormous lake in the vicinity has a water-town on its surface. The inhabitants are called Inthas, and are a separate and peculiar class or tribe, living only on the water. They are Buddhists, but in all points a distinct community, intermarrying only among themselves, and generation after generation keeping to the old form of life.

These lake-dwellings seem built much after the



LAKE-DWELLINGS OF THE BETTER ORDER, WITH BOAT MOORED TO ONE OF THE PILES.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, Sept. 14, 7.17; Thursday, 7.15; Friday, 7.13; Saturday, 7.10; Sunday, 7.7; Monday, 7.5; Tuesday, 7.3.

"Sept. 1, partridge-shooting begins"; also, apparently, cyclist-shooting, to judge from the number of complaints at present appearing in provincial and local newspapers, and from the little packet of letters sent to this office by maimed and mutilated and, above all, indignant correspondents. If I remember rightly, Mr. Digby, of the well-known publishing firm of Messrs. Digby and Long, was last year the first to send a wail up to heaven and to the powers that be on the subject of partridge-shooters and their iniquitous practice of firing across the Queen's highway, to the imminent discomfort of passing cyclists; but even he admitted, I think, that he deliberately stood looking over a hedge in order to see how the shooters and the birds were enjoying themselves. I notice now that fully two-thirds of the cyclists at this moment suffering from gunshot wounds and from what may be called "shot-gun fright" reluctantly admit that they, too, had alighted from their machines, and were either standing at a gate or on a hedge, and carelessly watching the guns advancing up the field towards them. Assuredly, therefore, the shooters themselves were in no way to blame for the accidents, while, on the other hand, the foolish cyclists were in every way to blame. Indeed, your shooting sportsman is, as a rule, far more careful of the life and limb of his fellow-creatures than is the average cyclist—that is, setting the one class against the other—and I think that, upon the whole, the partridge-shooter needs neither censure nor advice.

Much amusement was caused in a country house at which I happened to be stopping last week by the entry into the drawing-room, just before dinner, of a guest with coat-tails tightly rammed into his trouser-pockets, and the trousers themselves rolled up almost to his knees. When someone drew the old gentleman's attention to the eccentric arrangement of his dress, everybody present nearly exploded, and the victim himself, whom we all knew intimately, laughed as heartily as anybody. He then explained that he had bicycled over from his own home, some two miles distant, and, thinking that he was late, he had, when shown in, forgotten all about the arrangement of his clothes. When, subsequently, the footman who had admitted him was rebuked for not having noticed the condition of the guest's clothes and told him of it, the saucy varlet calmly replied that certainly he had "observed that Colonel Blank's trousers were turned up rather high," but that he had refrained from drawing his attention to them because he "thought perhaps the Colonel wore them that way"!

According to the daily newspapers, "several babies have lately been very severely injured through being thrown off bicycles." There is a touch of humour about the statement, worded as it is above; but, in reality, the subject is of importance and by no means a joking matter. It seems that the babies injured were being carried by their parents upon a sort of tray, or chair, attached in front of the handle-bar. The bicycles skidded, and a moment later parent and progeny were floundering in the mud, or probably the dust. The parents were uninjured; but it is not likely—indeed, it is hardly possible—that an infant of tender years should ever completely recover from the effects of so severe a shock. Often and often I have seen babies being carried on bicycles through crowded traffic, and a very well-known magistrate remarked to me only yesterday that, if any person were to be brought before him charged with having caused the death of a child owing to an accident while conveying it on a bicycle through the streets of London, he would, if he possibly could, convict the prisoner of manslaughter, if only in order to make an example of him. One newspaper, commenting upon the accidents, blandly asks, "How can the custom be put a stop to so long as reckless parents are allowed to have the custody of their children?" The question is a difficult one to answer, but, if a few influential babies of Walham Green with a turn for tub-thumping were to put their heads together and hold an anti-biking demonstration in the Nursery Road, they would probably arrest the attention of Sir John Gorst and some of his principal satellites.

The incivility of drivers towards unoffending cyclists has frequently been the subject of comment. Though the disease of anti-cyclism is happily much less common than it was a few years ago, yet it still lingers to a considerable extent, especially among those who have to do with horses. It is a pity it should be so; but the innate thoughtlessness of the "scorcher" and the selfishness of the "bikist" are answerable in a great measure for its continued vitality. When a cyclist is courteous towards others, and does not treat them as if the road were his own sole property, he generally, though not always, meets with courtesy in return. In my own experience, the worst offenders are the drivers of char-à-banes and other vehicles of that class which cater for the pleasure of the British tripper.

I was staying last month within a short distance of Morecambe, and found the roads for twelve miles around that paradise of trippers infested with these ungainly vehicles. The main roads are wide and kept in excellent order, but some of the by-lanes are narrow, and in these latter on several occasions I had to dismount when meeting a char-à-banc the driver of which obstinately retained the centre of the road and refused to draw to the side, notwithstanding my warning bell. One naturally shrinks from the trouble and publicity of a prosecution, and the disbelief with which a cyclist's word has so often been regarded in a police court makes one chary of going to law before the unbelievers.

A correspondent of the *Hub* suggests a new sport upon wheels; it is simply the revival of the old game of quintain, played upon cycles instead of horses. The rider tilts at a target suspended upon one end of a revolving horizontal bar, pivoted upon an upright post of suitable height. At the other end of the cross-bar is hung a bag of flour. If the cyclist strikes the target clumsily, the bag of flour swings round, and, striking him on the back, causes a hasty and ungraceful dismount. Much amusement might be got out of this at a Cycling Gymkhana.

The question is sometimes asked, What is the use of cyclists ringing their bells when meeting or passing dogs, cows, or sheep? I always do so myself, because I usually find these sagacious animals more ready to get out of my way at the sound of the bell than the less sagacious human animals I often meet. A clear-toned bell, rung sharply when one is close to an animal, will generally cause it to start aside. Of course, the machine must be ridden slowly past, and the rider must always be ready to dismount in case of necessity.

CRICKET IN SCOTLAND.

In order to encourage this healthy sport in Scotland, the proprietors of the *Dundee Evening Telegraph* have decided to present a challenge shield to be competed for by the "Dundee and District Cricket Union."

The illustration gives a fair idea of the shield, and the order was entrusted to Messrs. J. W. Benson, Limited, of Ludgate Hill. It is of silver, in the usual lozenge shape, and represents a cricket-field with a match in progress, surrounded by a decoration of thistles (the national emblem). The upper part of the shield bears the following inscription: "Dundee and District Cricket Union Championship Challenge Shield. Presented by the Proprietors of the *Dundee Evening Telegraph*, 1898."



SOME TRICKS OF THE STAGE.

An amusing story is going the rounds. It relates to a lady who has just arrived from the Continent, and is appearing on the London stage in a novel performance. She was recently billed to appear in Paris, and many stories were circulated among Parisian playgoers about her charms and her husband's jealousy. On the first-night in Paris her husband occupied one stage-box, and in the other opposite to him was a distinguished-looking gentleman who was speedily struck by the lady's charms. He applauded in a most marked manner, threw a lovely bouquet, and was so attentive that the lady was obviously uncomfortable and looked askance at the box that held her lawful spouse. The spouse aforesaid was clearly annoyed. Later in the evening, the stranger went to the stage-door, and endeavoured to address Madame, who hurried into her brougham, while her husband slammed the door in the admirer's face. On the second and third nights the two boxes were occupied by the same two men, who in the foyer came to words and almost to blows about the fair performer. Madame confided to an interviewer that the admirer was a foreign Marquis who had pursued her with unwelcome attentions for a long time. She was miserable, a duel was threatened, she was tempted to break her engagement and retire from the stage. *Tout Paris* was slightly shocked and very interested; all flocked to see the fair sufferer, her indignant husband, and her wicked admirer. Then somebody was cruel enough to find out the three conspirators lurching together, and the whole story was given away. The foreign admirer was part of the lady's stock-in-trade, and the fracas between him and her husband was repeated in every country.

The French theatrical agents have a special talent for creating an interest in the people they desire to boom. When the late Ernest Jurgens, who introduced La Belle Otéro and Juniori Valarez to England, was in his prime, he told me in confidence many strange stories of the methods he employed. I do not think America could give Paris any lessons in the art of making *réclame*, and it is significant that Jurgens himself was the agent for one of the largest American managers. One of the very clever tricks that move an audience was recently brought off in Paris. A lady acrobat was announced, and the manager came forward on the appointed evening with a telegram stating her inability to be present. A storm of disapproval was followed by the offer of a young woman in the audience to take her place if the management would permit. There was considerable hesitation, but the *vox populi* settled the question. The lady arrived, and leisurely proceeded to disrobe. At the psychologic moment the audience discovered that the amateur was no other than Charmion, who now appears at the Alhambra and goes through the same performance. Her success was assured by the device, which, after all, is not new.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Captain Greer, like Mr. Willie Low, has met with moderate luck on the Turf up to now, and it is pleasant to be able to congratulate the gallant Captain on the success of Wildfowler at Doncaster. As readers of this column know, I have always held a high opinion of the colt; I thought he would go close for the Guineas, but he was not quite fit. Then he contracted a fever, and had to miss the Derby. After this he improved wonderfully, and a summer's work on the healthy Beckhampton Downs got him into capital trim for the Doncaster race. I am more than ever convinced that the Wiltshire Downs are where horses are trained best. Galtee More and Manifesto are recent successes hailing from those parts. Again, Alec Taylor could always turn out good long-distance performers from Mantön.

It is a sad matter to deal with the Autumn Handicaps this year, owing to the death of Major Egerton, who compiled the weights. The Major was a good sportsman, and he could be always seen in the Paddock at the principal meetings looking at the make, shape, and condition of the horses engaged. The Major carried a note-book, and

had him just to his liking this year. Marsh is bound to make a bold bid for victory with one of his half-dozen. Perhaps Nunsuch may go for this race instead of the Cesarewitch.

The Prince of Wales has a large breeding stud at Wolferton, and the chances are that his Royal Highness will in a year or two carry all before him on the Turf. When I made bold to christen Persimmon the horse of the century, I brought the critics of all quarters of the globe down about my ears, but I was only re-echoing the opinion of Marsh and Watts, and probably that of his Royal Highness himself, although the Prince could hardly be expected to publicly proclaim his own animal as the horse of the century. If rumour does not err, some of the foals at the Sandringham stud are likely to prove the best of their year, so that the royal colours are sure to be to the fore for some years to come.

I believe the starting-gate will come into general use next year, as Lord Durham is favourably disposed to the machine. Our trainers are, as a body, fifty years behind the times, and anything in the shape of "new-fangled notions" is sure to be condemned by them at the outset; but it must come, and the sooner the better. As I have suggested many times before, the gate could be used next year for two-year-olds, the



THEY CHAMPIONED WALES AND IRELAND IN THE INTERNATIONAL WATER-POLO MATCH.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

put down everything likely to be of service to him in his work. Although not a big gambler, I believe at one time he was fond of backing his fancy in weight-for-age races. Major Egerton believed in co-operation, and it was at his instigation that three handicaps were made for one of the Newmarket meetings, and an average was struck. I do not care much for the idea myself, although it has been adopted at one or two meetings. A great deal depends on the scale adopted by the weight-adjusters.

The winner of the Cesarewitch will take some finding, although quite fifty per cent. of the acceptances are horses not capable of getting a yard over a mile and a-quarter. Jeddah's defeat at Doncaster may cause him to be easy in the market. At the same time, I shall expect to see him run well. Love Wisely may not stand the final wind-up of his preparation. If he does he will finish in the first flight. The Prince of Wales owns a useful customer in Nunsuch. She is fast enough if she can stay the course. At present I like the chance of Carlton Grange. He is a very bad-tempered horse, but he ran well over the course last year, and on his third to Merman he now has the chance of his lifetime. I expect Sam Loates will ride Mr. Dugdale's horse.

The Cambridgeshire, as usual, promises to be one of the most interesting races of the whole year. True, there may be something in the Cesarewitch found capable of easily capturing the double event, though I very much doubt it. Robinson seemingly holds the key to the short race, and he is bad to beat at events of a mile. Prose, if worth keeping in training, ought to go close with 6 st. 9 lb., and I think Dinna Forget has a great chance, as 8 st. 6 lb. is not too much for a horse with such a record. He is a beautiful animal, and Robinson has

following season for two- and three-year-olds, and in the year 1901 it ought to be utilised for the starting of all races. I am certain better time would be kept and all races would be perfectly fair.

The recent heat-wave should help to bring about a reform in the dress of racegoers. It is truly pitiable to watch some of the bookmakers labouring under the weight of heavy fustian suits when the thermometer points to 140 degrees in the sun. I notice with pleasure that some turfites affect tennis-suits, although I have not yet summoned up courage enough to follow the admirable example. From what some of the jockeys tell me, I think we could not do better than dress in silk suits during the hot summer months.

CAPTAIN COE.

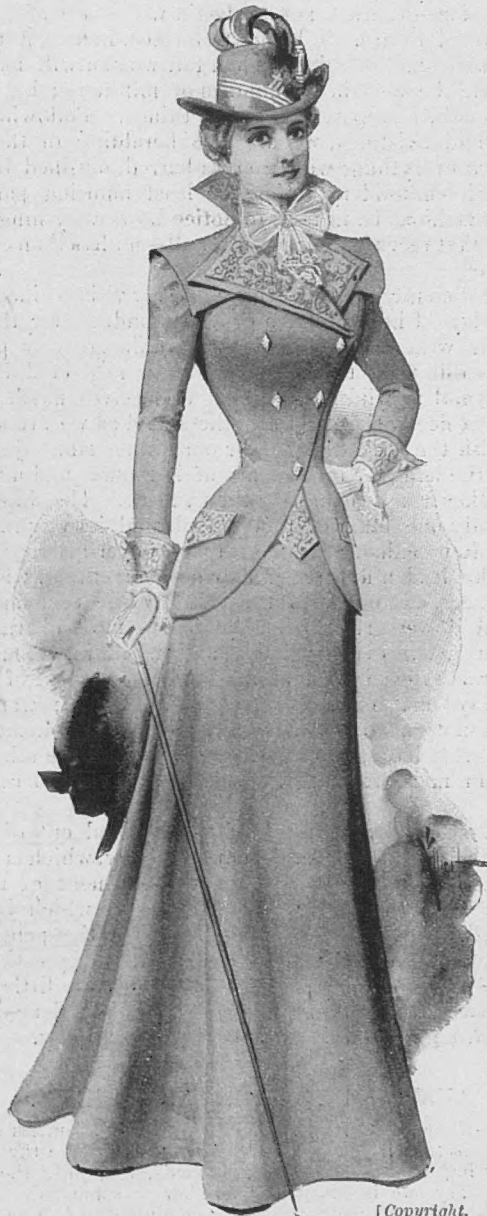
WATER-POLO.

The group here reproduced shows the representatives of Wales and Ireland in the gentle sport which combines something of swimming and something of football. Ireland recently fared somewhat badly at the arms and feet of Scotland at Glasgow. Still, their seven were distinctly a good team: Cotter, who keeps goal, belongs to the Belfast Templemore Club; the backs are Nicholls, of Southside, Belfast, and Carmichael, of the Belfast Amateurs, who captains the team; the half-back is Blair, of the Southside, Belfast; and the forwards are Burnet, of the Dublin Amateurs, McCabe, of the Sandycove, Dublin, and Kingston, of the Templemore, Belfast. Water-polo has made great strides as an entertainment, and a match is indispensable to any well-regulated swimming gala. Many of the swimming champions, notably Tyers, are experts, but the game demands a special art.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

Following all the exquisite inconsequence of our native climate, we have now gone back to the midsummer mood of clothes, and have exchanged the muffled-up manner of last week's tweeds for the airy cambrics of this. By the time these lines see the light, all that may



[Copyright.]

A NEW TAILOR-MADE.

have been changed again, of course, and the outrageous elements have whirled us back into autumn at her most autumnal. But in the meantime we in the country are thankfully living luxurious days in leafy idleness, the only drop in one's cup being the over-lively wasp, who is everywhere and does everything, settling on one's matutinal marmalade at breakfast, scanning the war-news over one's shoulder, and developing the most persistent interest in other people's affairs generally, notwithstanding the excursions and alarms and brandishing of newspapers and table-napkins which everywhere angrily warn him off. The gardener, having regard to our distresses, has imparted the information that sweetened beer is a counter-attraction to the fairest humanity, however, and we have accordingly circumvented the enemy for the last few days by putting half-filled bottles of this gruesome fluid in all likely neighbourhoods, with the best results. But there is even another crumpled rose-leaf in this summer of our content, for the midges are not alone many, but monstrously ferocious at the sunshiny moment, and to sit under a tree on these delicious afternoons is also to come presently forth spotted like a pard after the onslaught of these horrid little gluttons. They have a well-developed fancy for insteps, one painfully discovers, moreover, and a lace-shod ankle intrigues them to its own undoing. To be beautiful at this point is, therefore, once more to suffer exceedingly, as those of our house-party who are addicted to the lotus-eating joys of lying about in hammocks have most particularly discovered.

Now that the partridges have put in their welcome appearance, the country is more than ever desirable, for those whose lives did not lie over grouse-moors have come hurrying back from foreign watering-place or seaside to share the delights of killing, and every country-house has its quantum of guns, who foot the furrows and the

shaven cornfields, with much popping of guns and fluttering of feathers, to return at tea-time hot, thirsty, sunburnt, and most willing to be amused by the ministering angels of buttered toast and badinage. Yesterday the record of our Nimrods—five in number—was thirteen hares and treble that sum in partridges, and as a bet had been taken and lost that they would do better, our hostess exacted the penalty by philanthropically sending off the slain to a London hospital, which, indeed, gives me occasion for the hint that a little more of this well-timed generosity might be extended in the same direction. I have stayed in places where all good things are given, and game abounds, but never a brace finds its way to any charitable institution among all the thousands shot during a season. I suppose it is thoughtlessness, to put it prettily, on the part of those to whom the want of anything material is an unknown sensation; but, with the Queen's kindly example as a reminder, such want of thought ought not to be. Meanwhile, in the midst of rurality we are still in the world, for relays of smartly dressed women keep arriving and departing, coming from one house and going on to another. One little American widow, who has got herself invited to the Ayr Meeting on the strength of her uncountable dollars and unconquerable courage, has furnished me with models for two of this week's sketches. She departed yesterday for a certain much-mortgaged Scotch castle, where she will not improbably be installed permanently before long. The pork of Chicago has carried its creators into high places before now, and our widow, being of the same profession—or her forbears, it does not matter much which—may not unreasonably include a North British stronghold among her possibilities. This tailor-made, as here illustrated, was one of her successes, done in pale-grey cloth, with the large pearl buttons inlaid with gold, and a delicate



[Copyright.]

A PICTURESQUE WALKING-GOWN.

brocade in which rosebuds, foliage, and tiny blue lines were harmoniously intermingled on cuffs and pointed collar, a shirt to be worn with it when the coat was left open being of the same charming stuff, while a Viennese master craftsman had made it.

Another of this dame's admirably contrived possessions, again in grey, as suitably retrospective of the departed dealer in pork, is set forth

in this fête-gown of pearl-coloured bengaline, the skirt, bodice, and apron being elaborately supported by strappings of black velvet embroidered with sequins and chenille, the soft vest of white chiffon making a very becoming interlude between the soft colouring of corsage and a black velvet picture-hat.

Apropos of velvet, some new method of manufacture has lately been introduced which, I am well-assured, reduces its weight quite one-half—a departure, one may add, which, if proved and not found wanting, will immensely add to the popularity of that material. The pictorial values



[Copyright.]

THE LATEST OPERA-CLOAK.

of velvet are superior to all others, but its weight and warmth consign it, as far as dresses of it are concerned, to darkest and deepest midwinter, so that it is of some importance to know of its latest development, for, besides being the best background of all others for the display of lace and jewels, it is one of the already declared fashions of forthcoming winter.

Apropos of jewellery, which is so increasingly worn—just as much because of the improved skill in designing it as from the more moneyed conditions of this generation, no doubt—I have seen a very comprehensive new catalogue just issued by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of Regent Street, which is in itself a complete epitome of our present excellently guided taste in precious things. Nothing more beautiful or artistic than the way in which diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and all such glittering treasure-trove are commingled and grouped together by the company's designers could be possibly conceived or contrived. Their tiaras, corsage ornaments, and other large pieces of diamond-setting are really triumphs of the lapidary's art; not less can be said of the jewelled combs which are now such a well-established and becoming fashion for the evening toilette. The re-introduction of lockets has also given the company's designers opportunity for the execution of charmingly pretty trifles, which, hung on delicately jewelled gold chains, make a simpler but not less becoming ornament than some of the gorgeous necklaces of our *grande tenue*. Pearls of great beauty and lustre are also much employed in the diamond necklaces, bangles, brooches, earrings, and other items of the jewel-case which are so cunningly fashioned by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths'. Nor is it surprising that, in view of the beauty shown in their designs and the moderate prices at which their jewellery is supplied, the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company should command so large a *clientèle* in a present-giving age amongst a present-giving public. Regimental messes throughout the country are largely catered for by the company, whose silver plate has all the solid virtues of the conscientious mediæval craftsman united to the artistic improvements of the modern, while, from a presentation casket to a nut-cracker, the stamp of excellence is as plainly evidenced on any article as its own particular hall-mark.

It is rather hot weather for the contemplation of furs and fur garments, but this ermine-trimmed evening-cloak, in white brocade and with chiffon stole-ends, touched up with a little black in the embroidery and chiffon flounces, is newly arrived from a Paris milliner, and forms part of a very complete second mourning equipment. White spotted with black is also a good deal in favour, both for dress materials and

matters of millinery as well, such as ribbons, feathers, and so forth. Talking of spots, I am reminded of another quite lovely if somewhat startling dress which I met out at dinner some evenings ago. It was of a very thin, diaphanous gauze in bright ruby-red, covered with velvet spots in a brighter shade, each about the size of a threepenny-piece. This material was made up over a rich white satin, and the waistbelt, a touch of genius, was of dull-mauve velvet, which reads, perhaps, bizarre, but looked beautiful, the two colours harmonising to a miracle. If I add that this costume was built at Ostend, it will be realised that only success could attend its manipulation. How hard our plain skirts die! Even the past summer, with all its *en forme* flounces and furbelows, did not quite banish the flowing lines of our tried affections, but this autumn will really consign them to the limbo of unfashionable facts. Long tunics with rounded open fronts are before us inevitably, for so speaketh Paris; and the polonaise with flat panniers not puffed out in the Pompadour fashion—at least, not to begin with—are also an event of the much-trimmed future. I begin to foresee, indeed, a terribly overdressed and ornate state of things, when tall women will look short, and short women will be mere broad bundles of millinery; but it will have to be lived through, I suppose, like other things. Following the Louis Quinze knots and twistings, we are also heralding in the dawn of a Stuart era, when everything will be cross-barred, outlined in pearls, and sewn with much embroidery. Not the least amusing part of a mere pamphleteer of fashions is, in fact, to notice how everything that is new is also old, and that recrudescence is, after all—no less than competition—the life of trade!

In the several country-houses I have already visited since Town broke up for the holidays, I have found a growing fondness for the decoration of dinner-tables with wild flowers. Quite unimaginably pretty effects are, in fact, possible with the generally rather neglected inhabitants of our hedgerows, and as wild flowers lend themselves much more to the Japanese form of decoration than all others, and as we are all, moreover, much bitten with the Oriental idea for our dinner-tables just at present, it follows that the haughty inhabitants of hothouses and much-cared-for "beds" are rather at a discount for the moment. The Japanese usually contrive that only one kind of flower shall find its way into one vase, and with infinitely enhanced effects to our over-massing of different blooms; and the leaden fixtures of Japanese invention, which are now sold at most places, add much to the effect, while economising greatly the quantity of flowers required. We had a most charming table of poppies and barley one evening lately, and when in Ireland last week quite a vision was evolved by a clever little hostess out of half-ripened blackberry sprays and crimson sorrel-tops. With rowan-berries and wild forget-me-nots another daring but most able scheme was carried out, while wild-rose haws, bracken, heather, and all the other abounding spoil of autumn make it more than ordinarily easy to evolve a floral *tour de force*.

I have seen a capitally arranged table contrived out of crab-apples, and this brings me also to the subject of their jelly, which is uncommonly good when made in the right way. For the benefit of those with a mind for such matters, here follows the recipe, which is one of old renown and well-tried excellence moreover: Fill the pan, add enough water to cover, boil slowly to a pulp, strain without pressing the fruit. To each pint of juice put one pound of loaf-sugar, a little lemon-juice and its thinly pared rind. Boil all together. When done, the juice on being dropped from a spoon on to a plate will form jelly.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EXIGEANT (Hong-Kong).—(1) It will obviate all your difficulties and distresses concerning the corset-ère if you will send home for a couple of the *Corset Tailleur*, which is a new importation of Peter Robinson's, and quite the most perfect possible shape. Try one in black, and another in some pale-coloured satin. (2) It would, of course, be more valued as coming direct from the spot, but these things can be bought at home almost if not quite as cheaply.

CREAM-COLOURED (Galway).—I am unable to answer your question on starch for the complexion. I have heard of arsenic being used by Austrian women with the same results, but not starch. Oatmeal is, of course, one of the best cosmetics when used externally. Tight-lacing is injurious, and I can only suppose you are facetious when declaring your intention of putting your buxom bucolic maid into a sixteen-inch corset.

MAID MARIAN.—White spotted tulle with velvet or chenille spots is one of the new dance-gown materials. It would be pretty over white satin, with a ruche of white ostrich-feather trimming around décolletage. This latter is always becoming to thin figures.

SYBIL.

The Corporation of the City of Cape Town have just acquired a fitting symbol of authority in a handsome silver-gilt mace, fashioned after the manner of the finest maces in use in England. The head, surmounted by an Imperial crown, is divided into four panels by figures of mermaids



symbolical of the maritime character of the city. The front panel is filled by the city arms, the reverse by that of the colony. In the side panels is a conventional arrangement of the rose, thistle, and shamrock. Under the orb is a flat plate, with the royal arms in repoussé work. Messrs. Elkington have designed and executed this superb symbol of colonial civic dignity.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Sept. 27.

OUR COMMERCE IN AUGUST.

The Board of Trade Returns for August are positively refreshing, after the unsatisfactory showing of the last few months. Our exports (home produce) rose £1,412,019 over the corresponding period last year, or at the rate of about 7½ per cent. One more working-day in the August of this year would not have been sufficient of itself to account for such a substantial increase, but it must be remembered that in August 1897 a heavy loss was registered on comparison with the corresponding month of 1896, when the exports totalled £140,780 more than those of last month. A heavier gain is shown by the imports, which reached the sum of £37,216,527 for the month, or over 3¼ millions more than a year ago. The exports came in round figures to 20 millions sterling. Compared with 1897, the first eight months of the year show a diminution in exports of nearly £5,000,000, and of over eight millions as against the same period in 1896. Turning to details, the pleasantest items in the table are the increases on the export side in textile fabrics, metals, and machinery, while "other articles, manufactured or partly so," are responsible for £255,000 of the total increase. Can that rise of £64,725 in apparel and personal articles have anything to do with the ever-increasing vanity of the world and the pomp thereof? The United States has at last come over a buyer of British articles to an extent unknown since the passing of the Dingley Act in July last year, and made heavy purchases of raw wool, linen, cotton, and silk manufactures, the demand being doubtless stimulated by the cessation of the now almost forgotten war. Amongst the imports, the largest increase is that of two millions odd for non-dutiable articles of food and drink, after which comes a rise of £632,250 under the heading of raw textile materials. Sundry raw materials exhibit a rise of £466,927 for the month, and a decrease of £655,000 for the whole eight months. A drop of half-a-million pounds in cycle exports for the past eight months as compared with 1897 is a discouraging feature, and last month's contribution to the total is nearly forty thousand pounds. On the whole, however, with the clearer diplomatic outlook, and the increased commercial activity throughout the world which will be aroused at the mere prospect of disarmament in Europe, we may fairly look for better times in store for trade, and there is no one who would not rejoice at seeing the balance of £4,901,828 against us on the export side wiped out. The imports for the eight months under review have already beaten last year's figures by 14½ millions, and they can be safely left to look after themselves.

TRUSTEE STOCKS.

Two years ago you could hardly buy them. The Gilt-edged Market almost suffered from a famine in stocks, and the quotations in the Official List of Railway Debentures or Preferences afforded small criterion of the price a buyer, bent on having what he wanted, would have to pay if he chanced to select a closely held security. But to-day the Stock Exchange dealers have plenty of stock on their books, and find a marked increase of selling orders over buying ones. This may account in part for the laying to rest of the eager cry for admittance of Colonial Government Stocks to the list of Trustee Investments. The warm supporters of the proposal point to the law in Scotland as an example of what they wish to see in England; but, while Scotch trustees are nominally permitted to invest in certain Colonials, they are under the necessity of obtaining the approval of the Court of Session. And this sanction must be obtained every time a fresh purchase is contemplated. English trustees are permitted to put their funds into certain Indian Railway Annuities, a privilege denied to the Scottish, and the latter are also debarred from the Englishman's choice of some of the Water Companies' Debenture, Guaranteed, and Preference Stocks.

THE DELAGOA BAY RAILWAY.

It is a story oft retold, but one which has immense fascination for many people, how the Portuguese Government landed a bombshell in the office of the Delagoa Bay and East African Railway Company on June 25, 1889, in the shape of a forfeiture of its concession. It was the very day after the time allotted for the completion of the line to the supposed frontier—five miles beyond the original point at which the company understood that the railway was to run when it commenced operations in 1887—had expired. Valuable concessions had been obtained, of which the principal provisions guaranteed that no railway should be built parallel to this within sixty miles on each side of the line; one square kilometre of land on the harbour of Delagoa Bay was to belong to the company, as well as part of an island in the bay; exemption from special taxes; absolute right to fix its own charges without State interference. Half-a-million share capital was issued, and has never received a penny in dividends, and the Seven per Cent. First Mortgage bonds had their last dividend in September 1889. Arbitration between the company and the Portuguese Government has been dragging on its weary way for more than five years, and every now and again a report finds its way into the Stock Exchange that the matter has been finally settled, and that the company will receive substantial compensation. In November last the Secretary officially reported, referring to the expert appointed by the arbitrators to assist them on technical questions: "The expert duly returned (from South Africa), and I understand that he and his colleagues will shortly present a report to the arbitrators." Meanwhile a Dutch company has been formed, and is working the line from the old terminus to Pretoria. If

Delagoa Bay should again be annexed by Great Britain—as it actually was in 1824—the settlement of the question would probably follow quickly enough, and the Kaffir Market has still got its heart set upon the Anglo-Teutonic alliance, which shall bring about means for such an arrangement, by purchase or otherwise. There was no little surprise felt in this country when Marshal MacMahon arbitrated Delagoa Bay to Portugal, because Great Britain had recognised it as Portuguese territory in 1822, two years before our own annexation, although it had not been effectively occupied by Portugal for over a century. Further still, the disputed area had been occupied, and effectively, both by Austria and by Holland between the seventeenth century and 1822. No one dreams, of course, of disputing Portugal's claim, but it will be a singular coincidence if the bay once more comes into our possession, and, if negotiations are pending for its acquisition, shareholders in the Delagoa Bay and East African Railway are not likely to regret the step.

CENTRAL PACIFIC.

The remarkable rise which has taken Central Pacific Railroad shares from 11, the lowest price touched this year, to 24½ has evoked a good deal of wondering comment in Throgmorton Street, and in the Stock Exchange itself, where no authentic reason for the rise could for some time be discovered. A large number of the shares are known to be held in Amsterdam, and the Dutch generally get the credit of any violent fluctuation which takes place in the price. The line is of 1359 miles in length, and the company has been leased to the Southern Pacific Company for ninety years from Jan. 1, 1894, such lease being liable to revision should either company demand that it should be submitted to arbitration. The Southern Pacific works the road, and was to pay the Central an annual rental of £2000, besides the residue of takings after all expenses have been paid, which include the interest on bonds and the requirements of the sinking fund. Before the Central could claim this balance, however, the lessee was to repay itself all advances for improvements, &c., and keep a moiety of the excess should the earnings exceed the amount required to pay 6 per cent. on the Central Pacific's capital stock. In March 1895, however, Sir C. Rivers Wilson reported to the London Committee in these words: "Mr. Huntingdon undertakes, on behalf of the Southern Pacific Company, that existing arrangements shall be modified to the extent that, from the commencement of the current year, the Central Pacific shareholders shall receive a minimum dividend of 1 per cent., guaranteed by the Southern Pacific Company . . . and that the same rate of dividend shall be continued until satisfactory legislation has been obtained for the adjustment of the company's debt to the Government, when the dividend will be increased to 2 per cent. for a guaranteed period of two years." The Southern Pacific accordingly began to pay the half-yearly dividend of ½ per cent. in July 1895, which rate has been maintained to the present time. An idea is abroad in some quarters that the Central Pacific Company's debt to the United States Government is in comfortable course of settlement, and that it will shortly be in a position to claim the extra 1 per cent. from its lessee for a couple of years. If this should turn out to be the case, the yield on Centrals at to-night's closing price of 22½ would be nearly 9 per cent., and it is upon this airy peg that the rise is supposed to have been hung.

BROKER OR JOBBER?—II.

It is, of course, absolutely necessary to keep well in mind the fact that, while the broker deals between client and jobber, the business of the latter lies almost exclusively between one broker and another. A jobber confines his operations to one particular market, and takes up a stand there, where he can always be found, and at any time it pleases him he can "close his book" altogether, so as to get away from the House with no more business to trouble him than consists in the doing of his carry-overs once a fortnight. If he can become the "shop" in a stock with anything like a free market—in other words, if he can build up a connection in any one company so that his orders to buy and sell its shares enable him to deal with fellow-jobbers at a close price—*tant mieux pour lui*, and to do this is the ambition of most of the young dealers in the Miscellaneous or Mining Markets. The difficulty is to become acquainted with an ever-widening circle of brokers, so keen is the competition and so great the personal feeling which prompts a broker to confine his business to his old friends; but this trouble is often considerably lessened by joining a well-established firm on the "half-book" or "limited partnership" principles—phrases which explain themselves.

While the jobber comes up to town late and goes home early, his friend the broker must keep stricter hours, as he groans under the weight of his correspondence and the necessity of keeping up an "establishment." Jobbers need have no office at all—many of them have not, but keep their books in the House itself. No such economy can be practised by the broker, but to the enterprising man there are ever fresh fields opening up for the exercise of his ingenuity in attracting business which are denied to his jobbing *confrère*. The risks run by each differ but little, provided that the broker is careful whose business he undertakes—in fact, he runs the lesser chance of loss, since a jobber is almost bound to deal with anybody who comes to him, and the majority of failures in the House are debited to the latter class. These are a few of the considerations that need to be weighed before the paterfamilias finally decides on one or on the other branch.

CHARTERED.

There was a good deal of quiet fun poked at Mr. Rhodes last April, when he advised his fellow shareholders, at the meeting of the Chartered

Company, not to gamble in their shares, but, all the same, the price since that day has not indulged in the wild vagaries to which it had been subject for the previous six years. Whether Mr. Rhodes' caution had anything to do with the comparative steadiness of the quotation, or whether the absence of news in a flabby market is the more likely cause of it, is a problem somewhat difficult of elucidation, but the two things taken in conjunction may account for the fact that there has been very little more than a pound per share difference between the highest and the lowest touched in 1898, while for the last six years the fluctuations have been as wide as this—

Year.	Highest.	Lowest.
1893	2½	¾
1894	2½	1½
1895	9	2½
1896	5½	2½
1897	4½	1½
1898	3½	2½

The first appearance of the Chartered boomlet this month came last Wednesday, when rumour was busy with the probable nature of the first Geelong crushing. It was stated in the market that the news was likely to be highly favourable, and Chartered were put up more than six shillings in the course of the day. The rise presented an irresistible opportunity for some of the stale "bulls" to get out, so out they got, their movements being accelerated by the knowledge that the "bears" were also on the war-path. For a pure gamble, such as Mr. Rhodes abhors in Chartered, there is nothing like the shares of his favourite company. If a buyer has the courage to pick them up when the sky is dark and everyone is talking gloomily of the prospects of Rhodesia, he will in all probability make money, because the figure 3 appears to have a mystic fascination for the shares, and whether there be any gold in the country or not, the free market which exists is peculiarly attractive to the speculative mind, and that is always bullish in the long run. At anything over 3 a purchase looks dangerous in the present state of the market, although the reported Anglo-German-Portuguese agreement about Delagoa Bay will come as a boon and a blessing to the company if it be carried out and the way is opened for a through line from Bulawayo to the coast at Delagoa Bay. What the market fears is another issue of new shares, and the heavy fall which supervened in the spring when the last 250,000 were issued at 2 is still painfully remembered. But the market possesses an element of inherent strength in the vast roll of its shareholders, many of whom have bought the shares "to put away" against the day when the Chartered Company shall shine forth as the nineteenth-century East India Corporation, and a rise or fall of a pound is as nothing in these holder's eyes. It is almost impossible to advise as to speculating in Chartered, except on the general lines indicated above, because, most likely, it may be right to buy the shares one day, and to turn them out the next, but as an investment we should be very sorry to recommend them.

KANGAROOS.

The "bears" in the West Australian Market are wearing that same anxious expression as may be observed on the face of the young cricketer when he gets a "yorker" on the leg-stump, only theirs is a protracted agony, and looks as though it were likely to last still longer. Westralians have been trying to mount, in a tentative kind of way, for the last four weeks, and a couple of capital crushings have infused fresh heart of grace into the market. Ivanhoes went ahead upon a yield of 5646 oz. for August, which was nearly double the return for July, and Lake Views shot up upon the news that assays averaging 70 oz. to the ton had been taken last week.

A strong tone has been apparent in the Associated group, largely due to purchases from Adelaide, but so far, the rise has been mainly confined to the "gilt-edged" Kangaroos, and the lower-priced things have been neglected, although there was some attempt made to hoist Great Boulders. The shares of one of the latter company's namesakes, the Great Boulder Main Reef, advanced upon a crushing which showed 2½ oz. to the ton—a return wherein the number of tons and of ounces became reversed when the usual notice was sent to the newspapers. It is refreshing to reflect from these reports that West Australia not only has the gold, but that English companies can turn it out, and that they are doing so. Westralia is no longer the name to conjure with on prospectuses; "wild cats" have rendered that ground a suspicious one for the time being to the speculator, but the few good things in the list are likely to maintain their prices, and any sustained move upwards would, of course, take some of the rubbish with it. The man anxious to buy Kangaroos as an investment should consider these four things: (1) What returns, if any, have already been made by his fancy; (2) whether the working capital is sufficient to develop the property thoroughly; (3) what work has been done on the adjoining ground; (4) whether the dividend prospects of the concern satisfy an enhanced price for the shares. In these days a man does not always buy things merely because he hears that they will "go better," and the painfully acquired education is likely to be of immense money value to the public at large should another mining "boom" be started. People had their fingers burnt so badly over Westralians only a couple of years ago, and the alluvial difficulties to be contended with have been so extensively advertised, that the promoter fights shy of West Australia. But the industry, on the whole, seems to be gradually coming to the top.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

It was very inconsiderate of the Weather Clerk, to say the least of it. Just when the House was beginning to think that its autumn business was actually coming

this year, the Clerk aforesaid fanned the heat-wave so unmercifully into the furthest corners of the Stock Exchange that some of the Westralian jobbers declared it was too hot to make prices, and even the frost of a 2½ per cent. Milwaukee dividend was insufficient to cool the ardent atmosphere of Shorter's Court. In the Kaffir Market, which has been desperately endeavouring to engineer a boom, the row and heat combined have made anything but an eighth turn almost unworthy living for, and over the suffering of the devoted crowd let me draw a compassionate veil.

There has been plenty "going on," as the House says, and the diplomatic kaleidoscope alone has sufficed to keep some of the markets busy. A month ago and England hadn't a friend in the world except the problematic United States; France and Russia were to be kept at arm's length by a portentous naval programme; Germany and Belgium were ousting us in the China Seas, ably seconded by the ever-successful Pavloff, acting for his own country, &c., *ad libitum et ad nauseam*. Now see how we have all fallen into each other's arms, have kissed and made it up right the way round—and yet the Stock Exchange isn't exactly in the seventh heaven, or its prices either. Consols have even been dull, owing to the uneasy feeling engendered by the outbreak in that distressful isle of Crete, and the idea that fresh international complications might ensue should we be compelled to get our knife into Turkey. Dearer money, too, has been trotted out once more, although the Bank of England Return showed that the Money Market was repaying its loan to Threadneedle Street, and the proportion of reserve to liabilities had slightly improved to 49 per cent. Foreign stocks have hesitated. The Anglo-German agreement was considered quite sound enough reason to warrant the purchase of Portuguese Threes, although I fail to see what permanent good can result to Portugal even if the Union Jack should once more float over Delagoa Bay. Argentines and Chilians showed some weakness on the cabled reports from Santiago as to the unsettlement of the frontier question, which was supposed to be practically fixed up a fortnight ago. Chili stocks did not respond to the glorious prospects held out by Sir William Crookes at the meeting of the British Association, when Sir William declared it was to the fields of fixed nitrogen in Chili that the world would have to look for sustenance when it shall be brought to the verge of starvation by the failure of the wheat supply. A distinct hardening of the Nitrate Market showed, however, that the House is not insensible to the advance of science. Spanish have very quietly been allowed to drop out of the list of active stocks, and for some little time to come I consider "bulls" of the Fours are likely to have uncomfortable settling-days. The war is a thing of the past, but the bill isn't. Brazilians have been checked in their upward march to welcome General Roca when he comes into office about the middle of next month, and Parisian stocks generally have been neglected, as the Gay Capital has once more turned to thoughts of Kaffirs.

Little that is of interest has transpired to break the dull monotony of the Home Railway department. The North British dividend, at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum on the Deferred, with £3000 forward, came as a sharp disappointment to a market going for at least 1 per cent., the same as last year. Seeing that the aggregate traffic for the twenty-six weeks was £83,030 in excess of the 1897 figures, there was some reason for the surprise, and poor Mr. Starling could not understand it at all. The price of British fell to 41½, but rallied faintly. Coras sympathetically dulled off to 54½, but there is a healthy undercurrent in the Home Railway Market as a whole, and all but Great Western stocks look ripe for a gradual improvement. Little or no interest can be looked for in Home Rails while the Yankee Market is monopolising the attention of "Old House," while Kaffirs reign triumphant in the "New." The Milwaukee dividend came as a distinct blow to the hopes of the "bulls," and there were not wanting many who roundly abused the directors for paying a scanty 2½ per cent. when 8 per cent. had been earned. The price fell three dollars between six o'clock on Thursday night and eleven on Friday morning, and, while it may be maintained by interested insiders until they have had a chance of clearing out, I should not be surprised to see it recede another ten points before long. Canadas bounced up on the news that the decision of the Commission on the rate question had been accepted, and that passenger rates are to be restored as from Sept. 25. When the "bulls" discovered that the decision would operate principally between the Pacific lines, and not so much between the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Pacific, they drew in their horns, and the frantic scramble to buy Trunks was also suspended. Until the question is finally settled, Canadas are not likely to go much over 92, in my opinion. It is stated that the Illinois dividend will not exceed the regular 5 per cent.

Li Hung Chang's dismissal was the signal for an elegant little breakdown by the genial Mr. "Gus." Wildy in the Miscellaneous Market, and a sharp rise in Pekin Syndicate shares to 13. Somebody asked how much poor Li's resignation would save the Syndicate in tips, but he was left wondering. The Lipton and Welsbach dividends have both been estimated at 7 to 8 per cent. on the Ordinary, and what appears to be a cheap "buy" in this market is the 5 per cent. Preference stock of the latter concern. There is no Debenture stock ahead of it, and for a speculative investment Welsbach Pref. look promising. At the time of writing the price is slightly under 96.

The dealers who have left the Kaffir Market for the Miscellaneous are daily bewailing their unhappy choice as the booming strains of South Africans greet their ears. The sudden rise in Kaffirs took everybody's breath away, because the general situation has altered to a very slight extent from what it was a month ago, when those whose bread-and-cheese lay in Kaffirs were starving from lack of business. Vague promises of reforms by Kruger are nothing new, and the acquisition of Delagoa Bay by England is regarded in the market as quite an open question. Yet the professionals, aided by a little public support, have put prices along at an astonishing rate, and I am glad to say that the rise has so far been mostly in the better-class shares which for some time past *The Sketch* has been advising in contradistinction to the utter rubbish which still lurks in some parts of the Kaffir Market. A general advance has been established, but the cream of it has gone to the dividend-payers and those whose crushings warrant fair hopes of future earnings. However, quotations have been taken along very quickly, and a reaction is almost inevitable. Mining shares are not worth the risks attaching to their purchase unless they return 7 per cent. on the money as a minimum. The Rhodesian Market has at last awakened to some sense of its responsibility, but buyers here are walking by faith, which is as polite a way of saying they are gambling as occurs to the limited intelligence of THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, Sept. 10, 1898.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

ANNOYED.—(1) One who contributes to the capital of a company. (2) No further expense can be incurred.

OSCAR.—(1) It is a good mine; hold the shares. (2) Will probably improve should the Kaffir revival continue. (3) Aladdins are very speculative; and the price has fallen on bad crushings, while a block of shares is also supposed to have been recently thrown on the market.